

THE GROVE.

A SATIRE.

Τῶν μὲν ἀγαθῶν ὀλίγων οὕτων πονηρῶν δὲ πλείων ἐν ταῖς πόλεσι τοῖς
ἐπεχούτων, ἔχον ἐς τοὺς τοιαύτας ἐλπίσιν ὡρεμένων.

LUCIAN Dial. TIMON.

Think on't a while, good folks, and you will find,
Your body made for labour, not your mind.
No other use of paper you should make,
Than carrying loads and reams upon your back:
Carry vast burthens till your shoulders shrink:
But damn'd be he that gives ye pen and ink.

CHARLES, EARL of DORSET.

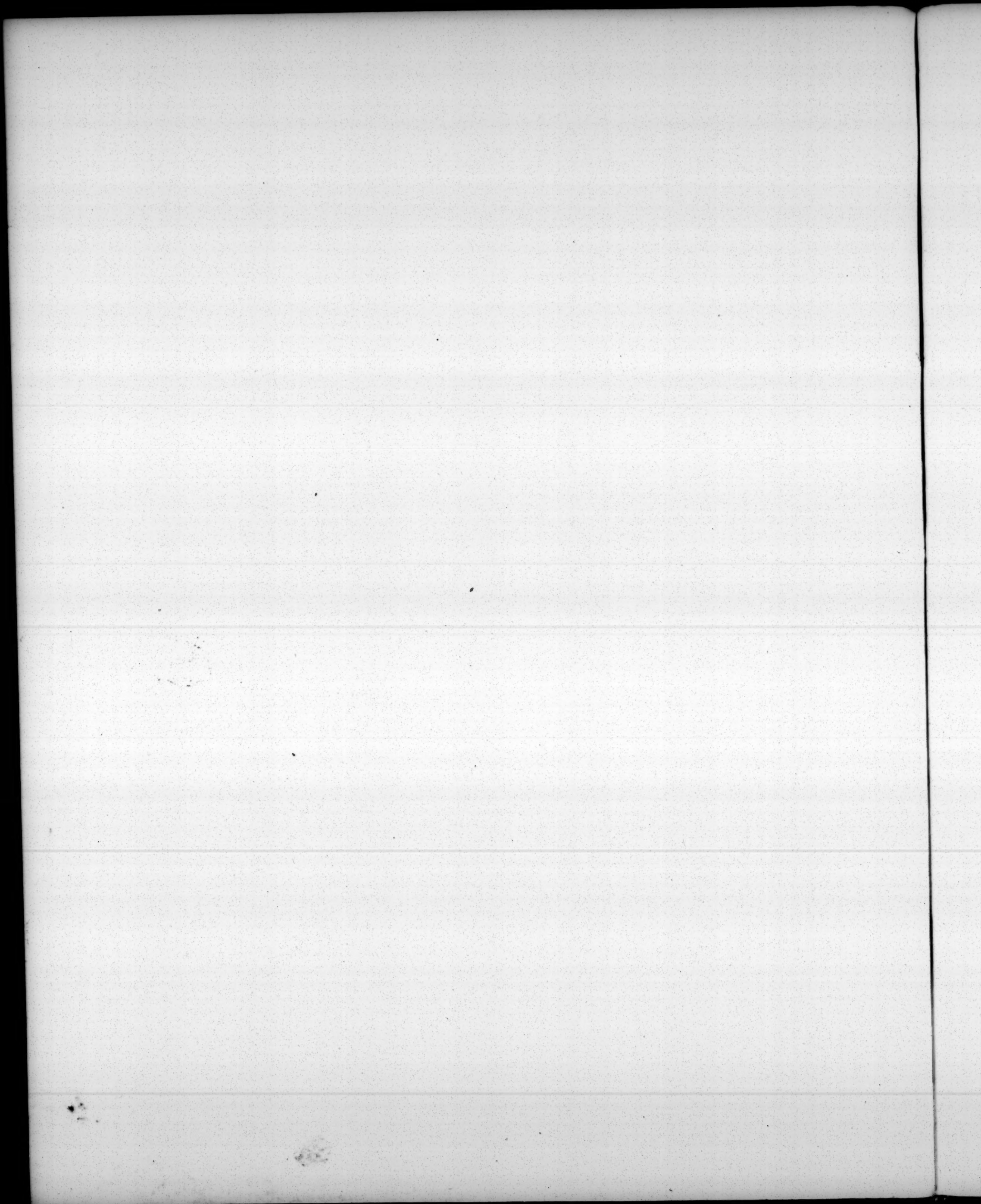
ART THOU GUILTY? COMPLAIN NOT, THOU ART NOT WRONGED.

ART THOU GUILTLESS? COMPLAIN NOT, THOU ART NOT TOUCHED.

JOSEPH HALL,

a Bishop, and a Writer of "Biting Satires."

Entered at Stationers Hall.



THE GROVE.

A SATIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

With Notes,

INCLUDING VARIOUS ANECDOTES OF

THE KING.

His R. H. the PRINCE of WALES.	Dr. HARVEY.	The CITY LIGHT HORSE.
His R. H. the DUKE of YORK.	Dr. WALCOT, a. P. P.	The Rev. Mr. ROSE.
The STADTHOLDER.	Dr. JOHNSON.	Mr. C. THELLUSON.
DUKE of PORTLAND.	Rev. Mr. NARES.	PORTER.
DUKE of LEEDS.	Right Hon. C. J. FOX.	ISAAC SWAINSON.
DUKE of DORSET.	Right Hon. W. G. HAMILTON.	HERRIOT.
DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.	Alderman BOYDELL.	PRATT.
DUKE of NORFOLK.	Alderman CURTIS.	Deputy BIRCH.
MARQUIS of LANSDOWNE.	Colonel HANGER.	JERNINGHAM.
LORD JERSEY.	Captain MORRIS.	PRINCE HOARE.
LORD MULGRAVE.	Captain TOPHAM.	STORACE.
LORD DERBY.	Mr. SHERIDAN.	KELLY.
LORD EARDLEY.	GREY.	C. PHILLIPS.
LORD CAWDOR.	COURTNEY.	WALTER, Junr.
LORD LAUDERDALE.	DE LOLME.	SHUM.
LORD MACARTNEY.	WEST.	MALTON.
LORD KENYON.	PYE, P. L.	DIBDIN.
BISHOP of ROCHESTER.	SHERIDAN, Junr.	HEWERDINE.
LADY DERBY.	ERSKINE.	BIFIELD.
LADY JERSEY.	HERBERT CROFT.	BELL.
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Mother JOHNSON.	ROMNEY.	BANNISTER, Junr.
Mrs. ATKINS.	MILES, Page to the Pr.	WATSON.
Mrs. SIDDONS.	SAMUEL CHIFNEY.	KEMBLE.
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Mad. ROSE.	DYER.	BATE DUDLEY.
Mrs. POWEL.	SHIELDS.	MORTON.
Mrs. BLAND.	HOLCROFT.	DIGNUM.
SIR JAMES MARRIOT.	J. WILLIAMS, a. A. P.	HOLMAN.
SIR W. PULTENEY.	GODWIN.	HARRIS.
SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.	TAYLOR.	KNIGHT.
SIR J. B. BURGESS.	TAYLOR, M. P.	LEWIS.
SIR G. STAUNTON.	BARRY.	BOWDEN.
Dr. PARR.	ED. HAMLEY.	HAYMES.
	KING.	TOWNSEND.
		MUNDEN, &c. &c.



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TO THE READER.

IT was my original intention to have sent the following sheets into the world without claiming the attention of the public by an acknowledgment of any previous labours. I had changed my style, from that serious mode of animadversion, which has been said to be the natural bent of my genius, to the lighter effusions of sportive censure; and, under this disguise, proposed to listen for some time to the criticisms of those who had doubted the pliability of my talent, and to have stood at length confessed. For a certain reason, however, unnecessary to mention, I was dissuaded from my primary design, and this single leaf was, in consequence of the alteration, inserted, to obviate any impression which the want of explanation might have occasioned.

I shall now, therefore, appear as one whose features you will seldom recognise, and to whose name you must for ever remain a stranger. My firm and unalterable determination to abide concealed, I have before avowed in the strongest terms; but my motive for secretment has never transpired till this moment:—I candidly own it to be the effect of fear! Gnats and fleas can tease a giant! and I am wiser than to rout a nest of hornets with my vizor up.

Many there are, I know, who would, rather than attempt to please all mankind, undertake to perform the thirteenth* and greatest labour of Hercules. But in this we differ. I prefer the former; and do not fear to shew that I shall be able to perfect my task, even to the including of critics. I chose, indeed, this path of poetry for their pleasure, on reading an observation in the **BRITISH CRITIC**, where, reviewing Mr. Edward Hamley's poems, they say, "WE CONFESS OURSELVES TIRED TO DEATH WITH SONNETS." Whatever allusion this had to Mrs. Robinson, Sir B. Boothby, &c. &c. did not concern me; but it certainly seemed to promise a propitious reception to the efforts of a more spirited muse; and stimulated me to commence the present work, which I knew to be a species of writing of infrequent appearance (*eximia, raritate commendat natura*) and for which I thought I might reasonably expect the cordial good will and warm gratitude of the **British Critic**, at least, if not of all the other reviews, who are, I presume, equally disgusted and wearied with feeding daily, without intermission, on the same insipid food as that against which their brethren have fixed such a canon of disapprobation.

* Tertius hinc decimus labor est durissimus, unâ
Quinquaginta simul ----- nocte puellas. Arcana Arcanissima.

*After so much kindness and attention on my part, I can surely have nothing to deprecate in these gentlemen. I know of nothing; yet some, perhaps, may hastily affirm that they will accuse my lines of a deficiency of polish, a lack of *limæ labor et mora*; but I cannot think it; they are better judges, and will, I am sure, confess that they form, if any thing, a dress infinitely too costly for the rogues that strut in them.*

Next for those I have taken the trouble to correct:—Can they be displeased with me? Certainly not. No truly wise man was ever angry at being told of his faults; and I'll answer for it that no one I have mentioned will admit that he is any thing else. Had I praised them—then, indeed, I might have given them cause of complaint; but thank heaven I am innocent of that! I should be sorry to write so cruel a satire upon my fellow creatures.

*Being secure, therefore, of pleasing the critics, by whom I am to be judged, and the *infantes barbati*, or bearded infants, by whom I am to be read, I have little to apprehend from any other quarter: from managers of theatres, and players nothing!—though it might seem, at the first blush, to promise the contrary:—they are, I am aware, a people, who, like spaniels, or the wives of Moscovites, (and of Englishmen, for what I know) love you the more, the more you beat them.*

Added to these good reasons I have to think I shall please every body, Dr. Young affords me one to prove that I can never be the object of blame:

*“ For since from life I take the draughts you see,
“ If men dislike them, do they censure you?”*

He then says, though less to my peaceable purpose, that

*“ The fool and knave ’tis glorious to offend,
“ And god-like the attempt the world to mend.”*

*And now, to be serious, I cannot but conclude, in alluding to what is to come, by exclaiming with Juvenal, *Nos utinam vani*.*

“ Would it were all a fable that you read!”

THE GROVE.

A SATIRE.

TO DORSET, DRYDEN;---POPE to ST. JOHN sung;---
And WALPOLE sanctified the verse of YOUNG.
Hail, happy Bards! whose songs with justice claim
An everlasting monument of Fame!
How blest were ye, to pour your tuneful lays
To LORDS!* whose judgment taught them how to praise;
Who, by applauding yours, their genius prov'd---
Who lov'd the Muse, and were by her belov'd.

* Our author does not here allude to the names quoted, so much as to the many peers not less distinguished by their merit than their rank, to whom DRYDEN, POPE, and YOUNG addressed most of their works. But our present peers are of a very different cast. What, for instance, are we to think of the DUKE OF DORSET, when we are told that two clergymen being candidates for a living in his Grace's presentation, he bestowed it on the best *batfman*!

Not so with us---those worthful times are past.
 And now in vain around my eyes I cast;
 No GENIUS greets me, and its aid affords;
 No welcome poets meet among *our* LORDS.
 In HOMER'S strain could I my thoughts rehearse,
 Where is the PEER to patronise my verse?
 Where is the LORD, *on earth*, to comprehend it?
 And, where, ah! where's the bookfeller to vend it.
 Sad, barren age! when such a bard as I
 Can no *bright star* to *grace* his work descry!
 None that might charm the thunder of his foes,
 And give the POET'S mind to soft repose,
 Round him the blaze of all its virtues shed,
 And harmless save his yet unlaurell'd head.
 The LEEDS and MULGRAVES of our hapless days,
 Those *ballad-writing* LORDS, whose loyal lays
 Could scarce applause obtain in *pantomime*,
 Would little dignify my loftier rhyme.
 Such should I laud, for each exalted grace,
 The world would say I mock'd the *glitt'ring* race;

And coax'd them on, like *Ruffia's beast* ill-fated,
 Most strok'd and fawn'd upon when to be baited.
 Would SHEFFIELD'S name secure me on the shelf,
 As safe as GIBBON'S has secur'd himself?
 Can HE adorn *my work*, augment *my fame*,
 Who owes *his little* to another's name?
 Vain thought! as soon SIR WILLIAM'S might engage
 Mankind to look with reverence on my page.
 (Yet PULT'NEY much in numbers takes delight,
 And o'er the *book of books** turnsday and night.)

* The book of books, according to SIR WILLIAM PULTENEY, is his banker's book, with which he constantly follows the advice of HORACE.

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

The richness of SIR W's purse is only equalled by the poverty of his spirit. One day he sent in great haste for Mr. S***, M. P. his brewer; who being ushered into the Baronet's presence, was informed, *very seriously*, that two barrels of the beer he had sent in six months before, had suffered a little by a thunder storm, and wished to know what he could afford to give for it. "Give? Nothing," replied GEORGE, "if it is four." The Baronet, extremely shagreened, said, "Come, come, you must offer me something. You know you can always throw it among your other beer, and the fourness will not be perceived." S. after much entreaty, agreed to give about four shillings and sixpence for the two barrels, which the Baronet accepted, and they were accordingly conveyed to the brew-house. This bargain struck, SIR W. proposed to sell him, very cheap, some cyder of his own

Or POETS heed a BOOTHBY's smile or frown,
 Who deigns to read no verses but his own.
 Alas! no titled head of worth I view---
 " 'Tis true 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true."
 None that has merit to deserve the place,
 Which empty shall remain, to their disgrace.
 " Empty," you cry. " No PATRON chose at last---
 " This *Preface* then means nothing?" Not so fast :---
 My *Preface* unsubstantial, I allow,
 But still it has its meaning, as I'll shew.
 The *pot-boy* spares no froth, to serve the *till*,
 Aware, not less than I, *all helps to fill*!
 This clear'd! *off now* I'll leave, nor think it sin,
 My "*faces damnable*," and straight begin.
 Say, O my Muse, for thou alone can'st tell,
 Who on *Parnassus* ever lov'd to dwell;

making, " which," said he, " you'll send to your public houses, and they'll soon
put it off amongst their customers, I warrant you." Here GEORGE declared that
 he had taken the four beer to oblige SIR W. but he'd be d---d if he'd have any
 thing to do with his four cyder. *Hic finis fandi*: and they parted in a humour not
 much *sweeter* than the subjects that had occasioned their meeting.

How o'er its heights, and through its vales and glades,
 The *God of Wit*, and the AONIAN MAIDS,
 With Graces fair, unzon'd, disport away,
 Join'd by the smiling Hours the live-long day.
 Mid dulcet sounds to soft Æolian strains,
 The DEITY in peace eternal reigns.
 Not so, times gone, when* the far-darting GOD,
 For clam'rous cries, scarce knew what 'twas to nod;
 When invocations and petitions rose,
 And all the *Mount* was all things but repose.

But May day last,

Or ages past,

The hour precise, the MUSE forgets I vow,
 And BARDS are poor chronologists we know,
 APOLLO, curious to discern the cause
 Why thus the world agreed to scorn his laws,
 And scribble on regardless of his frown,
 Glutting with *plays* and *rhymes* the senseless town.

* Εκτατος Απολλων. A title given to Apollo, by Homer, on account of his darting his rays to every quarter of the globe.

(For write he knew they did, and ever will,
 While lives a *goose* to yield his kins a *quill*.)
 Anxious to learn, who led the empty race,
 And *dealt out* inspiration in his place---
 The day elect, to MERCURY he nam'd,
 And quick 'twas through the *letter'd* world proclaim'd,
 When to the GOD's abode should grateful rise,
 The *fumes* of *genuine wit* in sacrifice---
 Each BARD to blazon then his merits forth,
 And CHRYSSES*, *Pæan's priest*, to tell their worth.
 Two AMPHORAS the *God* on him bestow'd;
 This *Lethe* held, from that *Ambrosia* † flow'd:
 This could confer oblivion to a name,
 And that, O great reward! IMMORTAL FAME.
 Next in a sacred grove, to Wonder's gaze,
 The SPIRITS of the place, an altar raise;

* Chryses, Homer tells us, was the priest of Apollo.

— *Νεκταρ ἠὲ μέλιτος ἀμβροσιον.*

† Ambrosia signifies any thing immortal; and, from its having the power of bestowing immortality, was said to be eaten or *drunk* by the gods.

See note to v. 71. Ecl. 5. in Delph. Ed. Virg.

And there PAN, WOOD NYMPHS, SATYRS, FAWNS, and all
 The *Sylvan train*, attend to CHRYSSES' call:
 For *olive, laurel, palm*, with speed they bound,
 And soon with choicest boughs bestrew the ground.
 To please the *God*, the *priest* now skilful proves,
 And decks his altar with the *wreaths* he loves.
 All things prepar'd---the hour appointed come,
 A crowd the air impregn with deaf'ning hum.
 In vain a SYBIL at yon op'ning stands,
 And loud vociferates, with outstretch'd hands,
 " * Far, far, O far! from hence ye *Dullards* rove,
 " Nor dare your steps profane this sacred grove."
 For see where VANITY, beneath her wings,
Whole legions of her *darling children* brings;
 Infatuate and *dull*, by her inspir'd,
 The *host* presume they are by CYNTHIUS fir'd.
 First of her train, MALONE, the fav'rite, led,
 The GROVE with vent'rous steps essays to tread---

* ————— "Procul ô, procul este profani
 Conclamat Vates," totoque abssistite luco.

Æn. VI. v. 258.

Now rushes in! Alarm'd the SYBIL flies,
 Shrieks o'er the plain, and fills the vale with cries.
 Unaw'd, along he moves, erect his gait,
 With comments loaded, and in pride elate.
 Near CHRYSSES, FAME unseen, with friendly voice,
 Assists *his* judgment, and directs *his* choice.
 As each appears, she scans his merit free,
 And, *O poor* EDMOND! how she mangled thee!
 Not EARDLEY falls on *pork* with half the goût,
 She fell on *thee*, and swore the charge was true.
 She call'd *thee* "ign'rant, impudent, and vain;
 "The *moth* of *genius*, and GREAT SHAKSPEARE'S bane.
 "To think thy darkness could illumine his sense,
 "His pow'rs be strengthen'd by thy impotence,

• We have often dined with LORD EARDLEY, and observed that the first thing he does is to cast his eye over the several dishes on the table, and if there chance to be pork, in any shape, either leg, spare-rib, griskin, bacon, ham, or even a sausage, he instantly dispatches his plate for a part of it, to avoid being taken for a Jew. However, we can assure his Lordship that a man is not the less a Jew for eating pork, than the DUKE OF YORK is a husband because he happens *to love his wife*.

The Jews, says Juvenal, took pity on their pigs, and let them live to a good old age.

—*Vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.*

Happy the pig that liv'd in ancient days!!

“ His wit made clear, by thy sad explanations,

“ A mildew on his brightest emanations.*

“ Presumptuous *thing* ! whose comments none would greet,

“ Though tack'd to †SHAKSPEARE's rear'd in *Norfolk-street*.

Thus then proceeded the indignant dame,

‡ Daughter of GOLDEN *Hope*, immortal *Fame* :

* The esteem in which the works of the *multitudinous* commentators on Shakspeare are held will appear obvious from the great price given for the old editions of our bard, which we cannot attribute to any thing more than to their being free from the gloomy elucidations of such glossographers as Mr. MALONE, and we are of opinion that a SHAKSPEARE, escaped from all his commentators, must be considered as one amongst the innumerable *desiderata* in English literature.

† The reason why Mr. MALONE did not go to see *Ireland's Irish Shakspeare* was not, as it was industriously reported, because he was sure the papers were illegitimate, but because he was conscious that he was no judge, if he saw them, whether they were so or not, and therefore thought it better to leave it to the public to decide for him. Nor did a bulky volume he wrote, replete with commonplace arguments and misrepresentations, to prove that they were spurious, appear until the fallacy of them was unequivocally established.

We do not wish, however, to discourage Mr. MALONE, as a commentator, by any means, but we wish him to learn the weight his shoulders can bear, before he takes up the load in earnest. Doctor Johnson declared that he thought Mr. STEEVENS very able to write a commentary on TOM THUMB :—what if Mr. M. was to try his genius on JACK HICKATHRIFT, or JACK the Giant-killer ?

‡ Εἰπε μοι, ὦ χρυσεὸς τέκνον

Ἐλπίδος, ἀμείβοτε φάμα.

Soph. Œdip. Tyr. v. 161.

E

“ Not such the works, good **CHRYSES**, e'er allow

“ Worthy the **GOD** that * bears the silver bow.

“ Not such the works to healthful minds allied,

“ From genius rising, and of sense the pride ;

“ But got by *Vanity*, to *Folly* known,

“ And borne (disgraceful burthen!) by **MALONE**.”

Here **EDMOND** of his toils an off'ring makes---

The solemn **PRIEST** the *votive volume* takes,

And bids retire!---for, till the last appears,

No one, of all around, his judgment hears.

FAME now a pair †*well-spectacl'd* perceives,

Of whom she thus her information gives.

“ *Two Democrats* I ken, with faces evil,

“ That hate a title, as they hate the *Devil*.

“ Or say they do ! but hypocrites, I ween,

“ For, glaring thro' their rags, their pride is seen.

“ Not **MARLBORO'S**‡ **DUKE**, more odious pride reveals,

* *Αργυροτόξος*. An appellation for **APOLLO**, so well known among the ancients that it was unnecessary to add a proper name to it.

† **HOMER'S** *Ευκνημίδες ἀναιδεί* seems to have hinted this epithet to the poet.

‡ The Duke of Marlborough's mother fell in love with the tutor to the Duke's sons, who, on condition that he relinquished all thoughts of the old girl, was pre-

"Than furly HOLCROFT*, or than GODWIN feels.
 "Still contradict they, by their practice, clear,
 "What, foes to peace, they pour in ev'ry ear.
 "Equality they preach, when pow'r they'd gain,
 "As all decry the thing they would obtain :
 "The weak misleading, who alone will throng
 "To listen to the SYREN's artful song.

ferred in the church, by his Grace's intercession, until he at length became Archbishop of Canterbury. Lately, another of the clergy, Mr. Nares, an *ir-reverend* dog, very likely in consequence of the prelate's success, has run away with one of his daughters. The Duke, however, need not much lament the match, as *an alliance with the Church* does not promise to *lower the pride of the family*, which is what he seems most to value in this world.

* Holcroft is one of those *PLEBEII PHILOSOPHI*, the bottom of whose tub, like that of Diogenes, will not bear too close an examination. As the pride of the philosopher was said *to be seen through his rags*, so may we see the most evident aristocratical disposition in Mr. H's most democratical actions.

"He prates of tyranny amongst the great,
 "Himself a tyrant in his petty state."

We hear that Mr. H. is exceedingly fond and careful of the *Rosinante* he rides in the park, to enjoy in idea the *digito monstrari, et dicier: Hic est*, for the benefit of his health: seeing him well fed, rubbed down, and kept in the best condition. If this be true, we, knowing his conduct towards his children, can only observe, with a trifling alteration, what *Ælian* reports the cynic philosopher of Sinope to have said of the Megarians. Εὐχλετο Μεγαρέως ἀνδρὸς κρείον εἶναι μᾶλλον ἢ υἱόν. *We would rather be his horse than his son.*

“ ‘ My fellow citizens ! our griefs are one,
 “ ‘ Our rights are trampled on, our freedom gone !
 “ ‘ Sure were not all the free-born Briton fled,
 “ ‘ Yourself would lead, not thus be tamely led.’
 “ To this effect, I’ve known them oft declaim,
 “ And into mind as oft this story came.
 “ A serpent once, while bending on his way,
 “ Thus sudden heard, his *tail* begin to say :---
 “ ‘ Methinks you’ve *led* enough---so stop, my friend,
 “ ‘ Now I’ll lead you---we’ll try the other end.’
 “ Vain strives the *head* this folly to oppose,
 “ The *tail* the better gets, and off it goes :
 “ But, blind and senseless, to each scrape a prey,
 “ Soon begs the *head* again would *lead* the way.
 “ And so ’twould be could such with men prevail,
 “ They’d be the *head*, but subject to the *tail*.
 “ Which, heedless of command, and deaf to reason
 “ Would lead, in breathless fear, these sons of treason.
 “ *So four fierce couriers starting to the race,
 “ Scour through the plain, and lengthen ev’ry pace ;

* Georg. I. v. 512. We are aware that *Servius* does not admit these lines to be intended by Virgil as a simile ; however, as such they answered our author’s purpose, and he has availed himself of a very good translation.

“ Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threat’ning cries they fear,
 “ But force along the trembling charioteer.
 “ And when reflection came, the mob, though late,
 “ Would yield themselves to peace, their chiefs to fate.
 “ Alike the acts of *FOX and SHERRY† teach,
 “ To doubt the candour of a specious speech.

* When these two Gentlemen are loud in their *clamour for reform*, and condemn with virulence the conduct of ministers, this is the reply which should be invariably made to them: “Whatever you find amiss in us, mend in yourselves.” At present, as PLUTARCH observes, they are physicians to others at the time they are themselves completely covered with ulcers. *Ἀλλων ἰατρος, αὐτος ἐλκεσι βρωων.*

Mr. Fox’s late behaviour has, however, exculpated him from the odium of deceit; for he proved, in the highest degree, the sincerity of his wishes for a reform, when he declared, in his speech on Mr. GREY’S motion, that “he should certainly think himself justified in giving more of *his time to his own private concerns than he had hitherto* done, and less of it to FRUITLESS (a many meaning word) exertions in that house.” This is the act of Wisdom! And we cannot help saying to the remainder of Opposition, “Go thou and do like-WISE.”

† We confess that we have often been struck with the resemblance that exists between certain opposition members and a mountebank assisted by two Merry Andrews. Fox, like the mountebank, speaks to his auditors as *seriously* as he is able—then either Sheridan or Courtenay, his two Merry Andrews, comes forward, and endeavours by his whimsicality to aid the manœuvres of his master. But is this what we expect from men elected to meet and deliberate for the welfare of a kingdom? Surely not! and we lament to see Sheridan, who is capable of better things, make himself

-----Παντι δ' ἐπ' ἐγγω

Μωμος-----

F

“ When men for order and amendment storn,
 “ Who’re most disorderly, and past reform;
 “ *When, right or wrong, all motions are withstood,
 “ None can but deem them champions of *our* good.
 “ And, since to many STEPHEN’S yields a feat,
 “ That bailiffs shirk and trotting †butchers beat,

* We all, in every station, oppose the thing that militates against our pleasure. The gentlemen who review in the British Critic, clearly evince, by their observations on Mr. ADAM CLARKE’S dissertation on the use and abuse of tobacco, how much they *feel themselves affected* by his expositions of its baneful effects. Added to what Mr. C. says against it, J. HELVIGIUS asserts that two Dutchmen died apoplectic immediately after smoking, and the head of one being opened, they found his brain entirely wasted; notwithstanding which, these critical gentlemen, through fear, or hope, or love of the vice, oppose the opinion strenuously, and are bold enough to declare that “they know no instance of men whose brains have been obliterated or tarnished by smoking.” This is affirming much, and we fear for the sake of opposition rather than *from self-experience*.

† When the friends of the youngest THELLUSSON proposed making him a member of parliament, he said, “he did not understand exactly what it was to be in parliament, or what they meant by constituents in the country; but if there was any necessity to go backwards and forwards *for their orders*, he’d be d—d if he could not trot down as fast as any member of parliament in the kingdom.

The CITY LIGHT HORSE, a corps of which Master Charles is a *redoubted member*, being *tam coquo quam marte*, instituted, at the commencement of their *peaceable campaign*, a mess three times a week at the British Coffee-house, and three times at the London Tavern. It soon dwindled, however, for *private reasons*, to

" Who would not, soon as there, with truth I speak,
 " In STEPHEN'S *other house* for virtue seek ?
 " Fools for philosophers with numbers pass,
 " As for the lion once the braying ass :
 " So GODWIN mark, *in words* of wond'rous feature,
 " But seen *in truth*, a weakly little creature.
 " HOLCROFT his *type*, by slavish passions furl'd,
 " A *peevish insect* wriggling through the world.
 " Their philosophic works---for those they bring---
 " From wild, absurd, chaotic notions spring.
 " Utopian schemes, that may pervert the mind,
 " But ne'er produce advantage to mankind.
 " Nor hence alone, desertless they advance,
 " For all this *nothing's* smuggled o'er from France.*

once a week at each, and at present the *gallant* corps, wishing, without doubt, to avoid *shedding blood*, dine but once a month at the British.

A further anecdote of this hopeful family.—The other member-brother, about two months after he had bought his seat, coming into Drury-Lane theatre when *the house* had broke up, began talking vehemently of something very strange which had happened that night in the course of the debate. " *A thing, Sir,*" said he, to an old gentleman, " *that never happened before.*"—" *In your remembrance, I presume you mean,*" replied the other.

* For all the new-fangled doctrine and *insane philosophy* with which Messrs. GODWIN and HOLCROFT have filled their volumes, they are indebted to an inge-

Yet had she said, but fairer scenes invite.
 And tempt her to a task of more delight.
He comes, whom she has sung from eve to morn,
 And far upon her lustrous pinions borne.
 “As MARO modest; foe to pomp and state;
 “Noble in virtue, as in genius great;
 “In whose soft song, where sweetest flowers abound,
 “Each charm of sense and virile mind is found.”
 Thus HAYLEY, bard divine! she pour’d thy praise,
 And promis’d fame eternal to thy lays.
 But still she’d sorrow as she paid thy due,
 To know thy verses, HAYLEY, were *so few*:

nious but hair-brained unprofitable Frenchman, whose way of thinking and mode of reasoning so much delighted them, that they kept him for a considerable time at their mutual expence; and after pleasing themselves for many months with chasing the gaudy butterflies the Frenchman let loose to divert them, they at length presented the public with a great deal of *pomp and circumstance*, the subjects of their entertainment. We may say of the works of these gentlemen what Johnson said of Priestley’s Theology, “they tend to unsettle every thing, and yet settle nothing.”

It must be a matter of special ridicule to see a man, like Godwin, undertake, as he does in his Essays, to point out the inelegancies, &c. in the language of the first writers of the two last centuries, while he is continually betraying an unpardonable ignorance of the commonest rules of grammar. Witness his XIV. Essay, page 120. “He grows hourly more estranged *to* (from) the liberal sentiments of equality.” Sic passim.

For fain amid thy laurels, justly thine,
 She yet would wreaths with hand unsparing twine.
 "Such, such," she cried, "O CHRYSES you'll approve,
 "A tribute worthy of the *Son of Jove."
 Then turn'd to hail, by poverty oppress'd,
 One whom, from north to south, from east to west,
 So great his worth, so high to praise his claim,
 Her trump had blown, and honour'd was his name!
 Was honour'd? Is! DE LOLME none would decry---
 But ah! how few for suff'ring Genius sigh!
 All laud his work, its sterling merits feel,
 Yet, careless, see their author want a †meal!

* Διὸς υἱός. HOM.

† *De Lolme*, who wrote on the constitution a most valuable and admired work, is suffered to feel the pangs of want, and the inflictions of disease, unpitied and unrelieved. Some trifle has been sent him by the Literary Fund, to which he was necessitated to apply; but we have heard of no other succour he has received. That such a man should need wherewith to buy him bread is a disgrace to any civilized country in which he may live, and we sincerely hope it will be soon removed from our own. JUVENAL, thy words have been realized:

———Cum fregit subfellia versu,
 Esurit!———

How, Fortune, art thou hateful, for passing over such a being, to pour thy favours into the lap of Folly or of Vice.

Ye that would be by after ages known,
 No pillars rear of perishable stone---
 Let here your wealth its cheering aid impart,
 And ceaseless live in ev'ry good man's heart :
 More blest'd thy name, more worthy to be prais'd
 Than he whose gold a pyramid has rais'd.*
 Long, long, DE LOLME, thy labours FAME commends,
 And drops a tear, as forc'd from thee she bends

* There are many in this kingdom who vainly expect to eternize their memory by building monuments of various descriptions, while they permit men to die in want, the opitulation of whom, would have raised a pile, in the eyes of humanity that ages yet to come would hail with blessings.

But, stranger yet than all, it is, that there *lives a man*, who by lofty structures would perpetuate a name, the remembrance of which can never exist unaccompanied by disgrace; and thus fixes he an eternal blush on the cheek of his whole posterity. If such men are not willing to gain a renown for good deeds, they had better seek oblivion than fame—

“Glad to be hid, and proud to be forgot.” JOHNSON.

SIR JAMES MARRIOT, judge of the High Court of Admiralty, is one also who imagines that adorning the place where his remains are to be deposited will form a brighter trait in his memory than would the record of his having expended the same sum in relieving the distresses of the living. SIR JAMES, (unlike Mausolus, who left it to his wife) has himself erected a Mausoleum at his country seat, for this purpose, and exhibits it to his visitors with remarks replete with all the whim, wit, and humor, that distinguish those of the Cicerone of Westminster Abbey. He has also written his epitaph, which is equally remarkable for its *extreme* modesty as for the *wonderful truths* it contains.

Her eyes, where other subjects, food for mirth,
 All rich endow'd with folly at their birth,
 Present a sight, though grievous, hateful less
 Than minds like thine, afflicted by distress.
 Scarce pass'd the thought, when gliding through the GROVE
 Two objects mark'd the *Messenger of JOVE.
 The one, a countenance *half* human shews;
 And 'tis a face, because it has a *nose*.
 The next displays, deceitless as to wits,
 A *front* where "fat contented Ign'rance fits."
 "BOADEN the first, the latter ANDREWS nam'd,
 "Of †*policies* and *checks* both writers fam'd."

So CHRYSSES' monitor resum'd her strain,
 But found to note them as they came was vain;
 For now the giddy mob advance apace,
 Impell'd by VANITY to meet disgrace.

* Διὸς ἀγγέλος. HOM.

† That is, we suppose, the one for making out checks, and the other for writing policies—Mr. BOADEN having been a banker's clerk, and Mr. ANDREWS, M. P. being an underwriter.

Here FAME, her banners streaming in the skies,

The Goddess first, exclaiming thus, descries.

“ O VANITY! to thee ’twas left to prove

“ All wisdom needless where thou deign’st to love;

“ To make men think they’re wise, and women fair,

“ Merely, ye GODS! because they wish they were

“ To make a very *clod*, e’en ANDREWS, dream

“ He’d drain’d and swallow’d all Castalia’s stream:

“ Then, by his MUSE* *well fir’d*, and led by thee,

“ Mistake his †bungling rhymes for poetry.

* We are not certain whether the lady Mr. ANDREWS keeps is here alluded to, but we should think she is, as we do not know any other muse *he has* who ever does him that favour.

† We refer the reader to Mr. ANDREWS’s epilogues for the true bathos of wit, and the pure “*lapidary style*” of poetry. His epilogue to Reynolds’s comedy, called Fortune’s Fool, would disgrace the *lamplighter’s address to their worthy masters and mistresses* at Christmas. And, from such a specimen, we doubt whether they would accept him for their *laureat*. However, we have heard it said that it is not wholly the production of the great legislator, *playwright*, gunpowder merchant, epilogue-maker, and underwriter, but composed at a tavern by subscription,—MORTON, PASQUIN, ANDREWS, MUNDEN, BOADEN, and several others being present. And hence we learn, before this mighty epilogue

“ ————— saw the light,

“ How many dunces met, and clubb’d their mite.”

Verbal Criticism, a Satire.

“ How great thy fway! to thee what numbers bend,
 “ Who, fhunn’d by WISDOM, feek in thee a friend:
 “ Nor fruitless ’fore thine ample fhine they fall,
 “ For thou wilt hear their prayers, and grant them all.
 “ From thence, *fatigued, not fatiated, retires---
 “ †By thee call’d BILLY, JEMMY by his fires:
 “ Who, dead, in ‡Poet’s Corner claims a ftation,
 “ Which fhould and muft be paid for by the nation.
 “ How can they lefs to heav’n in thanks be found
 “ When, kind, it lays their JEMMY under ground?

* Et laffata—necdum fatiata recessit. JUV. VI. v. 129.

† Our author here imitates the great Homer, and not unhappily.

Ον Βριχρεων καλεησι Θεοι, ανδρες δε τε παντες
 Αιγχιων-----

IL. I. v. 403.

Mr. BOADEN was christened or named (for whether he be Jew or Christian we know not) *James*, but he is better known, among the players, and his friends by the name of *Billy*, which name he acquired through his excessive vanity, avowing himself equal to SHAKSPEARE, and that he soon expected to give “ *Billy the go bye.*”

‡ Mr. BOADEN assures every body that he has *a niche* appointed for him in the Abbey whenever he dies. But we presume, if we may be allowed a pun, that he only has *an itch* to have one, without seriously intending to carry his intolerable vanity so far as the grave.

- “ He quick can turn---so vers'd in playhouse cant---
 “ His comic efforts into tragic rant.*
 “ Prodigious bard ! what magic humour's thine,
 “ That can in sock as well as buskin shine !
 “ On such a glare what mortal eye can gaze ?
 “ O wit profound ! without the reach of praise.
 “ Scorn then the chiefs that chafe thee from their stages,
 “ And keep thy works for more congenial ages ,
 “ Nor fear but Time will soon that period bring
 “ When men shall lift and praise, though BOADEN sing.
 “ For ah ! too near I see the fatal day
 “ When Dullness shall have universal sway !
 “ The hours approach, my voice prophetic mark,
 “ (Unlike the present as the light from dark :)
 “ When Truth the world shall quit, her *much-lov'd* fane,
 “ And strange Confusion stalk through ev'ry brain.
 “ †CAWDOR shall then be known as CÆSAR brave,

* We are told that Mr. BOADEN absolutely offered to turn a comedy, refused by Mr. HARRIS, which he sent to Drury-Lane, into a tragedy, on Mr. WROUGHTON assuring him that it was much too dull for comedy.

* When LORD CAWDOR came from Wales to give an account of his having secured the *French invaders*, he was so determined to impress the DUKE OF YORK

“ And *HARRIS, wond’rous ! seem no more a k----.

“ Then PHILLIPS’ pencil shall the cloth adorn,

“ And all the laurels be by BIFIELD worn.

with an opinion of his bravery and warlike disposition, that he never had his cloaths brushed or his boots cleaned while he was in town, but continually went to the DUKE’S levee, with a long rusty sword by his side, and accoutred in the Belligerent-like condition we have just described. On which the DUKE OF YORK one day pleasantly observed, that “ he imagined LORD CAWDOR intended to preserve his sword, boots, and gauntlets, as they were, in the archives of his house, to commemorate the service he had seen and rendered his country.” It would, however, be better, perhaps, if his Lordship should devote them to his tutelar saint, SAINT DAVID, in imitation of the ancients, who, whenever they escaped any *imminent danger*, (*like the present for instance*) constantly consecrated some memorial of it in the temples of their Gods.

* Mr. Harris is to authors and players,

Mel in ore

Verba laetis

Fel in Corde

Fraus in factis.

If a player, in a provincial company, makes *any stand*, he or she is instantly decoyed to London, to alarm the other actors, who would otherwise be often demanding an increase of salary. Their novelty attracts for some time, but, when that terminates, they are left out of every play, or put in characters of the least importance, till at length, tired of waiting, and wishing rather to play for nothing than not play at all, they agree to relinquish their engagement, to which the manager, having accomplished his object, very readily consents. They then go into the country, and find that, where they were before esteemed, they are now slighted and despised. And this they totally owe to falling into the hands of such a manager as

“ Then *MALTON thou, with fame, hadst better far'd,

“ Had fate benign thy PROXY GENIUS spar'd ;

HARRIS, who, by repressing their abilities, made them miserable in town, and utterly ruined them in the country.

Such is the character of this man, that his most favourite actor or author speaks of him with the greatest contempt. His conduct with respect to the latter is not a little ludicrous. Nothing is to appear on his boards unaltered by himself. But how does he alter ? In an Irish way, to be sure, for he knows no more of the *laws of letters* than a Bog Trotter. He erases carefully what the author has written, and writes the very same words on the blank side of the paper, at which the dramatist is obliged to smile in silence, and gratify the manager's ardent wish to have it known to the copyist, and the whole theatre, that he has altered the piece, and given it the *finishing touches*.

This *worthy and ingenious* gentleman has very nearly verified the reason that was given for his enlarging his theatre, namely, that he foresaw, on account of the nature of his amusements, a necessity there would be, ere long, for the greater part of his *audiences to be attended by their nurses*.

* Mr. MALTON is of that numerous body of artists who possess most of their *genius by proxy*. Of that description was Mr. BIFIELD's. Mr. M. who is now professedly drawing and engraving views round London, and writing the account of them, would have enjoyed the credit of having executed them in a very superior style, but for the death of a second person. At the commencement of his undertaking, he had a little hunch-back'd man, an apprentice, exceedingly ingenious in *aqua tinta* engraving, who, after he had furnished several of the first numbers, died, and with him expired the spirit of the engravings : but had he survived the publication of the views, we should have seen no alteration in Mr. M's title page—It would still have appeared like the advertisements of a *fellow labourer*, “ *The whole is written and composed, and will be spoken, sung, and accompanied by* “ Mr. DIBDIN.”

“ Then ARNOLD's aid shall *CHARLES unuseful deem,

The EARL OF MACARTNEY's embassy to China furnishes us with another instance of the labours of Genius forming a wreath to deck the temples of Ignorance. There were, on this occasion, engaged, a painter at two hundred pounds per ann. a student in the royal academy at fifty pounds per ann. and an assistant, who were to take draughts of every place deemed worthy of observation, and necessary for elucidating SIR G. STAUNTON's account of the embassy. On their arrival, it was intended that they should pursue a different course through the country, which would be the means of rendering their acquisitions more various and valuable. The painter however finding, or rather knowing, his inability, and desiring to preserve the character he had assumed, never quitted our student during their stay; and for this, added to his situation, he now, without having made one of the designs, enjoys the honour of having executed the whole. And, if any future reward should be bestowed, he will receive it, while the real artist must content himself with

Hos ego verficulos feci, tulit alter honores.

• Can we talk of painting or painters and by any possible means introduce the name of Mr. CHARLES? Can we treat of impudent effrontery, and consummate ignorance, and not pay homage to the great *academean*? Mr. C. conceiving that his fortune would be instantly made, could he once exhibit a picture in the Royal Academy, purchased, from Mr. ARNOLD, a whole-length miniature of (we believe) DIDO, Queen of Carthage, (which now graces the centre of his window in the Strand) for twenty guineas, and sent it to the Exhibition, as the effort of his own pencil. The *hangers*, however, discovered the deception, and inserted the name of the “true man” in their catalogue. Mr. C. on the Exhibition opening, presented himself at the door as an exhibitor, and was refused admission. A shilling procured it him, as well as every explanation he wanted. Not long

———*animum picturâ pascit inani,*

but soon presented himself before Mr. A. and insisted on having his money returned, which was also refused, and——we shall say no more about him.

“ And *WEST *the vain*, shall WEST *the modest* seem.

“ †PYE then with numbers new shall charm the ear,

* Mr. WEST, our great historiographer, had some time since recommended to his patronage the son of a Mr. MORE, his wine-merchant. Mr. W. perceiving that the lad had some idea of architecture, procured him admission as a student in the academy. Here he made considerable progress in the mechanical part; such as taking the elevation of churches, &c. Though he had never produced any original designs, his drawings of various edifices were so correct, that he had often experienced the honour of having his productions accepted. The President, seeing his success, noticed him in the most friendly manner. An inadvertent act of his, however, gave suddenly great offence to his patron. Mr. W. on hearing that he had undertaken a drawing of the inside of St. Stephen's church, Warlbroke, was highly delighted, expecting to see his altar-piece there brought into prominent view; but, unluckily for poor MORE, being unable to draw figures, he applied to Mr. NEWTON, of the old society, who bears an eternal hatred to the Royal Academy, to execute it for him. Mr. N. rejoicing in the opportunity that offered itself of indulging his pique against the President, advised MORE by all means to leave it out, and to substitute in its stead a large red curtain, “which,” said he, “will have a wonderful fine effect as it is seen between the columns.” Mr. M. unconscious of offending, approved of the advice, and quickly daubed in a large red curtain.—When the picture was to be presented to the Committee, Mr. West made a point of being present to give it his approbation; but on seeing the red curtain blazing through the columns, instead of his altar-piece, the enraged President could scarcely contain himself: he asserted that the work was out of all drawing, and absolutely kicked the picture with his foot. Mr. M. was greatly surprised at finding his picture returned, but the cause being intimated to him, he immediately got a friend to *remove the curtain, and give the altar-piece to the eyes of its enamoured master*. The succeeding year St. Stephen's Church was again sent to the Committee: Mr. W. then altered his tone, and that which was before vile in the extreme, now appeared to be “*all that painting can express*.” In short, the President was pleased—he smiled—and the picture was hung in the best light.

† H. J. PYE translated six of PINDAR's odes, *unfortunately neglected by*

“ And *CURTIS, spite of all, a wit appear.

“ The †CAKE-SHOP too and PILL-BOX still shall blaze,

“ And Bond-Street course without farcastic gaze.

WEST. The verses in the ninth Olympic beginning, *Αἶναι δὲ πολλὰ μὲν οὖρον*, Mr. P. turns thus :

“ Old wine delights the taste; *new numbers charm the ear*,

Adding this note: “ Perhaps the poet here means to hint to his patron *the advantage he has in having an ode purposely composed for him*, instead of having *only the old one*, common to all the Olympic conquerors.” Does not this, from “ the idle poet of a king,” *smell a little of the shop?* Does it not sound like a petition to his majesty for an augmentation of salary, on account of his *composing an ode purposely for him?*

* The alderman passes for a wit amidst his city friends, and, as we would wish him to preserve that character, we advise him not to let his barber make too free with him, recollecting, or now knowing for the first time, that MIDAS's barber was the first who discovered the secret of his master having ass's ears. *Ille qui dem celat, &c.* OVID Fab. 5, lib. 1.

† The CAKE-SHOP, and PILL-BOX, are nick-names given, the first by Colonel HANGER, and the latter, on hearing the former, by Sir CHARLES BUNBURY, to two carriages that parade *daily* in Bond-Street. The CAKE-SHOP is a gay family coach belonging to ———, in which are exhibited some very decent girls, with an intention to procure them husbands. The COLONEL either meant, by bestowing this title on the coach, to insinuate that the girls were delicious *cakes*, and calculated to attract the *infants of fashion*, or that, by engaging the attention of the young men, by means of their equipage, they might at length make cakes of them. Sir CHARLES's bye-name of the PILL-BOX, conferred on the other carriage, will need no explanation, when we say that it belongs to Mrs. JOHNSON, and is filled with her nymphs.

“ *NICOL no more for canting shall be fam'd,

* NICOL, or OLD NICK, as he is called, the King's bookseller, complains loudly that too many honours are thrust upon him. The manner in which he pours forth his lamentations may give some idea of his character.

“ If the King will have me,” says he, “ what can I do? I'm not a better bookfeller than another—I have had a classical education, to be sure; but, Lord, it is too much trouble for me, at my time of life, to run about to sales to buy scarce books and old halfpenny ballads. God knows, I want to live at my ease. But The king says, ‘ NICK, NICK, OLD NICOL must go.’ Nobody'll do but NICOL, and what's to be said.”

Some time since DODSLEY the bookseller died, making NICOL his executor, an appointment the latter had been very assiduous to obtain, inviting DODSLEY, who was an old dotard, to his house, and feasting and cajoling him to his purpose.

———me ad se, ad prandium, ad cœnam vocant.

Bona mea inhiant.

Periplect. in Mill. Glor.

But after his death, all you could hear from NICOL was, ‘ Ah poor DODSLEY! Alas, poor fellow, he's gone! Sure the good creature owed me a grudge, or he would never have made me his executor. But so it is; if there is any trouble in any family, it is sure to fall on NICOL's shoulders. Lord help the man, to make me his executor of all men living! I, who, he knew, hated trouble and *meddling with other people's affairs*. Well, friends do take strange liberties with one another, that's certain.”

Soon after NICOL had married Alderman BOYDELL's daughter, he made her a present of a fine gaudy dress, to be worn at the Mansion House on its gala days. About the same time the Alderman published a print of the Death of GENERAL WOLF, of which NICOL desired to have a proof impression, which he was refused. A fête was just then going to take place at the Mansion House, when *old Nick* locked up his wife's rich suit, and sent her to her father's to inform him of it, and

" Nor WILSON be, by flood-like fyrynge, tam'd.

" NICOL *the candid* then mankind shall call,

" And *MORTON *modest* will be nam'd by all.

to whisper in his ear the price of redemption, which his wife, after some time, returned with, in the shape of a proof of GENERAL WOLF. We shall now quit NICOL, and conclude with an anecdote of his Master.

HIS MAJESTY's attempt to visit the Nore was the occasion of two circumstances that deserve to be recorded, and here shall they have a place, which will give them a better presumption of immortality than the graver on sheets of brass or Arundelian marbles. The first was a very handsome compliment paid by the King to Admiral DUNCAN, on the latter's appearing at a levee, soon after GEORGE THE THIRD, like CANUTE THE GREAT, had proved to his courtiers that he had no power over the "roaring sea," and could not "rule the waves."—"I am sorry," said his MAJESTY, "that I was unable to pay you my respects at the Nore."—"I thank your MAJESTY," replied the ADMIRAL, "for the courageous and persevering attempt you were so good as to make." The King then added, "I have learned courage and perseverance from Admiral DUNCAN." The other is, (believe it posterity!) that Lord SPENSER, the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY, was *sea sick*, weathering Limehouse-Reach!

* In consequence of the extraordinary run and attraction of *Blue Beard*, Mr. HARRIS has engaged Mr. MORTON to make a pantomime for him, to run against the bearded champion. This might be considered as an indirect hint to the author, that he would prefer his abilities as a *carpenter*, to his efforts as a dramatic artist. Mr. M. has submitted; and Mr. CROSS, whose genius has been transplanted from the Circus to Covent Garden Theatre, will be placed on the shelf, to view, in silent dudgeon, the *sublime* efforts of Messrs. MORTON, FARLEY,

" Then KELLY, fure (so will thy voice have thriv'n)
 " Thou'lt sing like any ' *Lark at gates of Heav'n* ;'
 " *Thy music than the spheres' more sweet shall be,
 " And poor STORACE'll sink to nought by thee !

CRESWELL, and REEVE. In case these *wooden* exhibitions should succeed, the manager will have great advantage in removing his *live lumber*, to make way for the *moving puppets* of the Circus and Mr. ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre of *Arts and Sciences*.

* The late STORACE,

" Whose notes divine still linger on my ear,"

when composing the music of an opera, used to range for hours in the fields near Mother Red Cap's: Mr. SHIELDS does the same: and Mr. KELLY, fancying, in the simplicity of his *head and heart*, that these fields have the power of inspiring the imagination with new bars of sweetly-sounding harmony, made them the place of his daily resort while composing his wonderful music to that wonderful production called the *Friend in Need*. Nature here, as in Mr. PORTER'S Chimney Corner, seemed to have formed the composer for the author. Such combinations of dullness and insipidity have not been produced since DUDLEY'S muse was delivered of a dramatic footerkin.

" Why should not I compose the music to an opera ?" says MICHAEL : " STORACE and I always worked together—we were like brothers—we went hand in hand—he could do nothing without me. Oh, he was an amazing genius !" All this in a breath has he often repeated. We presume, however, that Mr. K. when he says *they worked together*, and S. could do nothing *without him*, must place himself and his friend in the situation of the *bellows blower* and the *organ player* :—The one found *wind*, the other *music*.

"Of *Sherlock* thus for preaching fam'd,

"*The sexton* reason'd well;

"And *justly* half the merit claim'd,

"Because he rang the bell." SWIFT.

We shall not decidedly affirm that all the late disturbances in the Sister Kingdom, the seditious movements in England, and the creation of new and arbitrary, but perhaps necessary laws, are totally owing to Mr. K's alteration in our music; but, if we may judge from a passage in PLATO, his music, so different from all other, may have done us injury, and will certainly do us the severest, if not immediately abolished. Οὐδ' αὖτις γὰρ ἀνομιναὶ μαθητικῆς τέχνης ἀνεῖν πολιτικῶν νόμων τῶν μεγίστων. Lib. 4. Rep. "For the style of music," says he, "is never changed without making sensible alterations in the manners, in the laws, and in the whole form of Government." Let the Attorney General look to Mr. KELLY!

A word of Mr. HOARE. The town is undoubtedly more indebted to Mr. H. for the amusement he has afforded them, and the originality he has produced, as a farce-writer, than to any author in existence. We are, therefore, concerned that it should be in our power to accuse him of copying the works of others. The Italian Villagers is not printed, but, nevertheless, we imagine that we shall not have much trouble in calling to the remembrance of the reader the borrowed scenes and characters which Mr. H. has there introduced, merely by quoting the original. MAYFLOWER is the character we allude to, which, with the identical scene at his first appearance, is taken from RAVENSCROFT'S *Mamamouchi*, or The Citizen turned Gentleman. MAYFLOWER is there called SIR SIMON SOFTHEAD. Now for the resemblance.

Enter SIR SIMON, with people and boys about him.

SIR SIMON. Very pretty, as I live—what's the matter? What would you have? In my conscience the devil's in the town, and has possessed all the people. Why what a devil ails you all? Can't a man go along the streets without a regiment of fools at his heels? What do you laugh at now? Ye had more need go look after your wives at home, lest they make ye monsters to be stared at; I believe I shall laugh at some of you before I leave the town, and hau, hau, hau, too.

TRICKMORE. How now, what's the matter here gentlemen? What mean ye? Who have ye got here? Have ye nothing to do but run staring and gaping after a gentleman, as if ye were all out of your wits? What's your business? what do ye sneer at?

SIR SIMON. Aye, aye; at what, at what?

TRICK. Do ye see any thing about him that's ridiculous?

SIR SIMON. Aye, have I?

TRICK. Is he not like other people?

SIR SIMON. Aye, have I horns on my head as some of you?

TRICK. Go, go home and learn better breeding.

SIR SIMON. That's good counsel, and take it y'ad best.

TRICK. The gentleman's a knight.

SIR SIMON. Aye.

TRICK. The heir of an honourable family.

SIR SIMON. Aye.

TRICK. His behaviour challenges respect.

SIR SIMON. Aye.

TRICK. He is one of singular parts.

SIR SIMON. Aye.

[We have no room to copy the whole of their discourse, which proceeds just in this way, until TRICKMORE, as in the Italian Villagers, *drives the people out.*]

SIR SIMON. Sir, I am most hugely obliged to you.

TRICK. Your physiognomy takes me extremely.

SIR SIMON. Ah, ha. (*Staring at him with his mouth open.*)

TRICK. I see much gallantry in it?

SIR SIMON. Ah, ha.

TRICK. Something very taking.

SIR SIMON. Ah, ha.

TRICK. Manly and brave.

SIR SIMON. Ah, ha.

“ Then *changing drefs, the fcripture will approve,

TRICK. Frank and generous.

SIR SIMON. Ah, ha.

[CLEVERWIT now enters and claims acquaintance with SIR SIMON. He professes he never saw him before in his life, but CLEVERWIT, gets his story from him, and by this means makes him believe that he is acquainted with his whole family.]

SPECIMEN.

SIR SIMON. We had also a nephew that died of the small pox.

CLEVER. Oh what a pity it was ! He was a hopeful young man.

SIR SIMON. Did you know him ?

CLEVER. Know him ? He was a comely proper young youth.

SIR SIMON. Not very proper.

CLEVER. Yes, for his age.

SIR SIMON. Oh yes, for his age.

CLEVER. If he was your nephew, that I mean, he was the son of your sister and brother.

SIR SIMON. Right, he was so.

From our slight recollection of Mr. H's piece, we may have omitted parts which bear a stronger likeness to MAYFLOWER than those we have stated. We therefore refer the reader to the original, convinced at the same time that we have clearly proved our affirmation well grounded.

Mr. R. it may not be amiss to say, borrowed his comedy from the *Monf. Pourceaugnac* and *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* of MOLIERE.

* Our female performers assuming the male habit, and *vice versa*, are not perhaps aware of the sin they commit. This is not a place to quote the words of scripture, we therefore refer them to the 22d chap. ver. 5. of Deuteronomy. ROLLIN also, in his *devoirs des Regens*, notices this custom on the stage as an abuse, “ *defendu expressement par la loi de Dieu.*”

L

“ And *DERBY think he married all for love.
 “ That few should suffer for the public good,
 “ Is what approv’d in ev’ry code has stood.
 “ Come then, ye glorious days, I hail ye thrice,
 “ When Virtue only will be known as Vice,
 “ When Vice thy image will assume to view,
 “ And none will suffer but---the virtuous few!”

So spake the GODDESS, in disorder’d mood,
 As if she deep had drank the †Clarien flood;

* Lord DERBY may imagine that he married Miss FARREN *all for love*, but in this we differ; his love could never have lasted fourteen years:—he was bewitched! We have no doubt but that Miss FARREN did no more nor less than *bewitch his Lordship, oculorum intuitu*. The second chapter of the seventh book of PLINY furnishes abundant instances of the mischief effected by the eye. But the present Earl of DERBY is not the first of the family who has suffered by *witchcraft*, as may be seen in the third volume of LODGE’S *Illustrations of British History*, &c. page 48, wherein is a paper entitled, “*A Breefe of suche reasons and conjectures which caused many to suppose his honour the Earl of DERBY to bee bewtyched.*” Such is the fact, and we leave his Lordship to chaunt at his leisure this little madrigal of Guarini’s.

“ Occhi, stelle mortali,

“ Ministri, de’miei mali, &c.”

† At Claros in Ionia was a fountain consecrated to Apollo, the water of which ANACREON calls *καθαρον*, as those who drank of it were constantly seized with prophetic ravings, and uttered oracles. ADDISON.

Then paus'd awhile;---for now, unknown to fear,
 The throng irrev'rent press the altar near;
 But CHRYSSES soon their heedless ardour checks,
 And thus decorum in the GROVE protects.

The SATYRS quick, at his command, abound,
 And wide a line they draw the priest around;
 Without the mob with threat'ning whips they send,
 Then circling fit, and CHRYSSES' words attend.
 The name pronounc'd, an op'ning swift is made,
 And 'fore the altar the oblation laid.

Thus Order reigning, FAME with truth proceeds,
 Now here, now there, as inclination leads.
 With glafs, who oft a look at CHRYSSES stole,
 Like cunning magpie peeping in a hole,
 She first observ'd, and TAYLOR call'd by name,
 "Of *modest* worth," said she, "and *honest* fame.
 "Yet some affirm, and 'tis but just I tell,
 "He's far from these as heav'n is far from hell.

“ Is *faithless as he's †impudent and dull,
 “ And only not so great a ----- as fool.
 “ By painters held a ‡*trencher critic* great,
 “ Quadrating praise in measure to the treat.

* Mr. TAYLOR is said to possess so little honour as to have exposed the private correspondence between him and Mr. WICKSTEAD, after he had quarreled with that very worthy man and ingenious satyrist.

† A very short time after the appearance of Mrs. INCHBALD's excellent and sterling comedy called “ Wives as they were and Maids as they are,” to which Mr. T. had written about a dozen lines of “ *prose run mad*,” for an epilogue, we were favoured with the subsequent information in the True Briton, from the modest pen of Mr. T. the oculist himself. “ The applause which was bestowed on Mr. TAYLOR's epilogue to Mrs. INCHBALD's comedy *has not been confined to England*. We find it mentioned in the Frankfort Journal of the 22d, with *a prose translation*.” Mercy on us ! Mercy on us !

———“ Ita me Di ament, ubi sim, nescio.” TER.

‡ Mr. TAYLOR is not inaptly denominated a trencher critic, by artists, poets, and performers ; as he judges of them according to the excellence and number of the dinners to which they invite him.

“ JACK TAYLOR's writings oft reveal
 “ Where now and then *Jack* takes a meal.
 “ Invite him once a week to dinner,
 “ He'll faint you, though the vilest finner :
 “ Have you a smiling vacant face,
 “ He gives you soul, expression, grace :
 “ Swears what you will ; unswears it too ;
 “ What will not beef and pudding do !”

There are many other gentlemen of the pen who follow this liberal calling.

“ That *HERRIOT vows his pen, for *dismal* fun,

“ Alone by BOADEN’S †BOTHER’EM’S outdone.

The Gods, in HOMER’S time, were great *spungers*. They went, he says, to dine with the *blameless Æthiopians*, μετ’ αἰσχρογαστρίας Αἰθιοπίας, and stayed there (perhaps at table) twelve days. This is, to be sure, a *heavenly precedent*; but they were not so bad as DAVID WILLIAMS, CAPTAIN MORRIS, ANTHONY PASQUIN, and the rest of those omnivorous gentry, who *daily* wait at RIDGWAY’S, anxiously expecting the approach of MASTER SWAINSON, the *blameless Æthiopian*, that they may go home with him and eat up all the profits of *Velno’s Vegetable Syrup*.

* Of this gentleman, the proprietor of the True Briton and Sun, a Mr. HEWERDINE mentions a circumstance, highly to the credit of Scottish industry. “ He travelled,” says he, “ from Edinburgh to London *sans* shoes and *without* stockings, where he for some time wrote puns and paragraphs for Mr. JOHN BELL, and was afterwards employed by Messrs. SWAN and PERRY, at one guinea and a half per week. But *itching* to become a great man, he stuck himself to the skirts of Messrs. GEORGE ROSE, CHARLES LONG, and Sir J. BLAND BURGESS, by whom he was raised to his present situation.

Of the merits of a newspaper writer we shall say nothing: let the Doctor speak for himself. “ To these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness, but *contempt of shame*, and *indifference to truth*, are absolutely necessary.” He then talks of their increase in the time of war, and concludes by affirming that “ a peace will equally leave the warrior and the newspaper-writer destitute of employment; and I know not whether more is to be dreaded from streets filled with soldiers accustomed to plunder, or from garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie.” JOHNSON.

† When Mr. BOADEN wrote, or, call it what you please, for the Oracle, he had a pen which he called BOTHER’EM; in imitation of the fanciful custom of ancient heroes, who gave names to the *weapons* with which they *tormented* mankind. Thus ARIOSTO.

“ Taglial FUSBERTA, ancor che molto grosso;”
 &c. M

" And oft has cried, ' Avaunt JACK*, quit my fight,
 " ' Thy head is brainless, and thou can'st not write.'
 " With such reports mankind the *good* attack,
 " So suffers Virtue, and so suffers JACK.
 " But heed them not, who so to censure given,
 " Would cavil at the fairest works of heav'n.
 " There stands a man, whose *smooth, unclouded* brow,
 " Might tempt a Heathen as he pass'd to bow,
 " Thinking he trac'd a GOD in ev'ry line,
 " So mark'd his looks with innocence divine.
 " Yet men, censorious, will the truth dissemble,
 " And call him brooding, melancholy †KEMBLE.

* ————— " The times have been,
 " That, when the *brains were out*, the man would die ;"

but Messrs. BOADEN and TAYLOR amply prove the fallaciousness and absurdity of this notion.

† Mr. WATSON, the manager of the Cheltenham theatre, was originally a Methodist, and a partner of JOHN KEMBLE's, who, with him, preached in many parts of the kingdom. These *pious* men, *fortunately* for them, having pocketed more turnip tops than pence, during their *devout itinerancy*, betook themselves to the stage, and have since acquired fortunes. Mr. KEMBLE, having no children, has now adopted the offspring of ancient authors ; in other words, is become a miserable tinker of old plays. His fondness for obsolete books has obtained him, among the book-auction *cognoscenti*, the name of *Black-letter Jack*. In pursuit of his propensity, this " parrot of the poet's thought," this " tearer of passions," will out-bid " titled heads," and even NICOL himself.

“ Of plays he alters some will argue thus,
 “ And hence infer they’re alter’d for the worfe.
 “ ‘ Times past, we learn, these plays applauses won,
 “ ‘ And now they’re alter’d, as he tells us---none!’
 “ His Lodoiska, from the French translated,
 “ Just full as much in merit is abated.
 “ In fine, †Trophonius’ cave could not, they’ll say,
 “ Make men so *dull* as KEMBLE can a play.

“ Quod non dant PROCERES, dabit HISTRIO. JUV.

N. B. “Tearer of passions,” though often justly applied to Mr. K. is not always so! for we have seen him repeatedly enact a part as if he wished to give us some idea of the manner in which the Stadtholder would play it.

His family is, however, parsimonious to a degree, which truth the following anecdote will serve to illustrate. During the pregnancy of Mrs. S. she having occasion to go to a certain oil shop in the Strand to buy some little articles for her domestic establishment, took particular notice of a *fine ham*, and lamented that its size made it inconvenient for her to become a purchaser, adding that she must content herself with making a mark upon it, to satisfy *her longing*. A gentleman, who was in the shop, and had not escaped Mrs. S’s observation, seeing her situation, after her departure, bought the ham, and ordered it to be sent to her house. The next day the same gentleman calling at the shop, perceived, to his great surprise, the very identical marked ham, which Mr. ***** reluctantly confessed that Mrs. S. had re-fold.

† This famous cave was in Bœotia. Whoever entered it returned so dull and dispirited, that it was common to say of a melancholy man, that he had been in the cave of Trophonius.

“ If thus the world each other’s actions rout,
 “ And loud proclaim what ev’ry man’s about ;
 “ What’s to be done? If rage we call it---spite !
 “ None will believe, while they’re so often right.
 “ When *BISHOPS rank, to keep their loins in peace,
 “ Will for *tid bits* e’en travel into *Greasfc* ;
 “ They see, they laugh, and challenge ev’ry man,
 “ Nay, †PARR, to hold his laughter if he can.
 “ ’Tis vain to strive! most willing join the mels,
 “ And glut ! if indignation they suppress.

* The Bishop of ***** has been married twice. Thus, *even in matrimony*, the Italian proverb is true. *PRETI e Polli non si veggon mai satolli*. His present, like his past *flame*, was his cook. When the *church* weds with the *kitchen*, there’s no doubt *but it will thrive*. Especially as the ROCHESTER, of infamous memory, was not more inclined than the present Bishop is *to eat and drink to-day*, as if he should surely *die to-morrow*.

† Pride, taciturnity, and gravity, are the characteristics of Doctor PARR.

“ Rarus sermo illis, et magna libido tacendi.” JUV.

“ Since silence seems to carry wisdom’s power,

“ Th’ *affected rogues*, like clocks, speak once an hour.”

DRYDEN.

Of this number we may rank this Rev. Gentleman. He is also another Anaxagoras, who, as Ælian says, *πῶτ' οὐ γέλα*, *never laughed*.

“ See CAVENDISH for WOODWARD kind entreats,

“ And, gen’rous soul ! but pockets half he gets.

“ Here *BARRY’s oddities excite their smiles,

“ And there the fad mistake of blund’ring †M****.

* BARRY, the painter, amongst his other singularities, lives on roasted apples and water. Although he can paint portraits, yet he has a great antipathy to the employment. The Duke of NORFOLK going to his house (in a dirty alley somewhere in the West) with a desire of engaging him to paint his portrait, met a man coming down the stairs with two pails of white-wash. The DUKE, taking him for a bricklayer’s labourer, asked him if Mr. BARRY was within? “ I’m Mr. BARRY,” replied the other, bluntly. His Grace, recovering from his surprise, explained the object of his visit. “ Not I,” said the artist: “ go to that fellow in Cavendish Square, (meaning ROMNEY) he’ll paint your face for you.” And here the conversation terminated.

REMBRANDT was as choice in his studies as Mr. Barry. He would laugh at those artists who studied *the antique*, and taking his friends into a room full of grid-irons, sauce-pans, household stuff, and instruments of all kinds, he would say, “ These are my antiques !” Alas ! few of our modern artists have, or deserve to have, any of *these articles* to study.

† Mr. M****, page to the Prince of Wales. His original profession was to adorn, externally, the heads of others, in attending to which, he neglected to furnish, internally, the one belonging to himself. Briefly, in the course of his education, those *vulgar attainments*, reading and writing, were omitted.

When Lord JERSEY’s pamphlet was first published, Mrs. M. read it to her husband, who committed the contents to memory, and was in the habit of decanting on its merits in all companies, producing, at the same time, the book, and pointing to one particular passage, which his wife told him perfectly exculpated the COUNTESS and the PRINCE. This being perceived by an acquaintance at the

“ NOW *DYER claims of ridicule his due ;

One-Tun in St. JAMES'S Market, he stole the pamphlet, and placed in lieu of it another entitled “ STRICTURES ON THE CONDUCT OF SAM CHIFNEY, AT NEWMARKET, BY SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.” The consequence was, poor M. displayed, unwittingly, the latter, until he received a check from his Royal Master, who assured him that, if he did not learn to read and write, he should certainly lose his situation.

A man, calling himself JOHN WILLIAMS, and who affects also to support Lady JERSEY and the PRINCE, has written the most flagrant libel imaginable on his Royal Highness. Complaining of the laziness of the Royal Artists, in not bringing their *annual obligations* to the academy, he says, “ These *egregious* sons of the pallet deal with their honours as some *ungracious varlets* do with their wives ; they solicit them for months to *grant the possession of their charms*, and when that is acquired, *publicly neglect them*.” Fie on such supporters !

Before this ANTHONY PASQUIN'S, *alias* JOHN WILLIAMS'S trial came on in the court of King's Bench, it was very properly observed, “ that it would be necessary he should go into court (as the law terms it) with *clean hands* ; which (it was further said) he could not do in any sense of the words, either figuratively or literally ; not figuratively, because he was a libeller himself ; and, doubtless, not literally, because he never washed his hands.” The latter assertion, however, was somewhat too daring, since we are told that he actually *underwent* the operation of washing both his hands and his face twice while waiting the commencement of his action, and of which he had cause to repent ; for, by removing from his face the stucco, which had long protected it against the ill effects of the weather, he caught such a violent cold and hoarseness, as obliged him to keep his room on the day the trial so justly terminated in his disgrace. We are informed that the said ANTHONY in concert with his friend CHARLES PHILLIPS, presented a written copy of a very common book to the Marquis of LANSDOWNE, as an original manuscript, and obtained from that *discerning* nobleman ten guineas for the *inestimable treasure*.

* This *little* man has had the vanity to have his picture engraved, to perpetuate, it would seem, the likeness of a face almost a libel on Dame NATURE :—

“ Then *GIFFORD who lolls not his tongue at you.

'tis, however, a good prologue to an IGNORAMUS. Mr. D. has been so improvident as to relinquish some expectations at Cambridge, to commence author in the metropolis, at a time when his miscreant muse cannot bear him beyond an insipid sonnet, or a pointless satire. Such, alas! is the POET'S FATE!

* The author of a tedious history of France, in three quarto volumes, and of long-winded answers to Lord LAUDERDALE and Mr. ERSKINE, wishes to be mistaken for Mr. G. the author of the Mæviad and Baviad. On BURKE'S death, Mr. G. informed his *pot companions*, that he should not have it in his power to meet them as usual, since all his time would be employed in finishing whatever the great EDMUND had left imperfect for the support of Government.

We shall here add a few lines respecting the author of the Mæviad and Baviad. It is not our intention to withhold considerable praise from these Poems, but we must dissent from those who bestow on them the title of originality. With the assistance of PERSIUS and HORACE, to compose a satire, is, comparatively speaking, by no means difficult. Mr. G. is in many instances indebted to POPE. His manner of bringing forward all the absurdities and bombastic nonsense of ARNO, &c. resembles, in a great degree, POPE'S M. Scriblerius, Πέρι βλαδης, where he advances all the fustian of the poets of his time. As

—————“ *the lightning's rays*
 “ *Leap through the night's scarce pervious gloom,*
 “ *Attracted by* [What for a ducat?]
 “ *Attracted by the rose's bloom.*

MRS. ROBINSON, in Mæv.

NOW POPE.

“ *The noise returning with returning light,*
 “ [What did it?]
 “ *Dispers'd the silence and dispelled the night.*

At the latter end of the Mæviad, Mr. G. addresses his friends, and first the

“ Nature triumphant see *STORACE proves,
 ‘ While †ATKINS yields her heart to *milder loves*.”

REV. MR. IRELAND, which lines seem to have a strong tincture of POPE's epistle to Mr. JERVAS.

MÆVIAD TO IRELAND.

“ In riper years, again together thrown,
 “ Our studies, as our sports, were one.”

POPE TO JERVAS.

—————“ Like theirs our fate and fame,
 “ So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name.”

MÆV. TO I.

“ We rov'd in thought, &c.
 “ Linger with good Alcinous o'er the tale,
 “ Till the east redden'd, and the stars grew pale.”

POPE TO J.

“ How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
 “ While summer suns roll unperceiv'd away.”

Read the two pieces together. Seeing that Mr. G. is so well versed in POPE, we wish he had acquired a greater portion of his harmony. Many of his lines are sadly *be-crutched*. This before us for example.

“ Glow with his fires, and give the world *to see*
 “ Another REYNOLDS risen, my friend, in thee.”

Who with any ear can bear to read the last verse?

* JUVENAL says, of his ladies, that they would rather be contented with one eye than one husband. This seems to be the case with the SIGNORA.

† See *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, Act III. Scene 2. beginning, “ We, HERMIA, &c.” for a knowledge of the character of Mrs. A. and Mad. FANIANI.

“ If Folly thus unveil'd will public walk,
 “ What wonder all should laugh, and some should talk?”

Here CHRYSES *Gossip* FAME, for wand'ring, chid,
 And sudden all her num'rous *tongues were hid.
 Reprov'd, the Goddess then her fault repairs :
 “ The British SAPPHO here her PHAON bears;
 “ O'er his broad shoulders see her verses flung,
 “ Such as the Lesbian SAPPHO never sung !
 “ Did weakness, ROBINSON, or TAYLOR, first
 “ †To Sappho like you, in an hour accurst---
 “ When you no more of her resemblance wear,
 “ Than 'cause ye both have mouths you're like a bear?

* Vide VIRGIL's description of Fame, *Æn.* IV. v. 173.

† Mrs. ROBINSON has the preposterous vanity to imagine that there is some resemblance between her and the Grecian Poet. In her writings there is surely none; and, in any thing else, we think no woman out of Bedlam would not sooner seek a likeness in the Magdalen than in the poets of Lesbos. Though we might look for it in the latter, we suppose *she finds it* in the former, as she has recently published sonnets under the title of *Sappho and Phaon*, which she terms legitimate, meaning to insinuate, *perhaps*, that they are written in the genuine spirit of Sappho: or, it may be that she imitates the *sonetto* invented by PETRARCH:—but Heaven knows what she means, and none will ever discover it by reading the work.

“ Her love a sailor---your’s a foldier claims,
 “ Soft breezes you---she *nought could breathe but flames.
 “ She would, we know-----my pen its aid denies,
 “ And on my lip the *naughty* subject dies.
 “ But, last of all, to prove my sentence right,
 “ Past ages will attest that she---could write !”

We could not help smiling, on taking up one of Mrs. R’s favourite papers, at the time of the publication, and reading an advertisement, standing thus :

“ This Day is published,
 Hot-pressed, and embellished with a fine Head,
 By BOVI,
 SAPPHO AND PHAON,
 In a Series of Legitimate Sonnets ;
 With Thoughts on Poetical Subject, and Anecdotes of the Grecian
 (GRECIAN mind) SAPPHO.
 N. B. Where may be had, the second Edition of Angelina.”

Which was immediately followed by—

“ Neglect is attended with Danger.
 A Golden Head over the Door.
 DOCTOR HARVEY’S ANTI-VENEREAL PILLS,
 AND
 PILLS TO CURE MELANCHOLY,
 At his House, No. 53. Shoe-Lane.
 N. B. Where may be had a Volume abounding in Anecdotes of wonderful
 Cures of the above cruel Disorder.

* Plutarch compares her to CACUS, the son of VULCAN, who breathed out nothing but flame.

“ Of fallow cast, and hollow, goggling stare,
 “ The strong-mark'd produce of a Duke's-place fair,
 “ Next CHRYSSES note! a son of ISRAEL he,
 “ D'ISRAELI call'd, and not unknown to me.
 “ Encyclopædias, Dictionaries too,
 “ Long serv'd, with gain, this persevering Jew;
 “ For wanting genius, with the itch to write,
 “ Such helps first brought our author into light.*
 “ But late, by vanity, more daring grown,
 “ He fain must write you volumes of *his own*.
 “ ‘ *Sapere est et principium et fons*,
 “ ‘ *Scribendi recte*,’ troubled not his scone;
 “ Nor thought he once how like their pain succeeds
 “ That draw from empty casks and empty heads.
 “ Hence soon† deficient found, again per force,
 “ To Cyclopædias' bounty he'd recourse.

* Mr. D'Israeli's first publications were collections of anecdotes culled from encyclopædia's and dictionaries, magazines and abridgments.

† Mr. D'Israeli soon discovered the folly of trusting to his own powers to accomplish even his *vaut-rein*. And we find him constantly recurring to the assistance of his old friends, Messrs. Encyclopædia, Dictionary, and Co. The following is the mode by which all Mr. D'I's *originality and depth* may be detected.

“ At length an **orphan work*, the prints proclaim’d,
 “ Which he VAUT-RIEN with modest truth had nam’d.

Vaut-rien, page 273, Vol. II. “ A stone’s a body, an animal a body, man is an animal; ergo, man is a stone:” and *vice versa*. For which see *Syllogism*, in *Encyclopædia*

Page 229, Vol. II. “ Earl Richard purchased of his brother, Henry III. *his Jews*, for a lease, that (to employ the forcible expression of PRYNNE) *those whom the king had excoriated, he might eviscerate*.” See this in Chambers’s Dictionary, and in several others, under *Judaism*. It should be remarked, however, *en passant*, that this forcible expression of Prynne in *English*, (so knowingly quoted by Mr. D.I.) was made by *Mat. Paris*, full two centuries before, in *Latin*. “ *Quos Rex excoriat, comes evisceraret*.”

A summary way this of acquiring information, it is true, but very liable, from common editions, or worthless abridgments, to expose a man to ridicule and disgrace. Turn, gentle reader, to the title of any sect, if you find Mr. D.I. treating of religion, or the principles of ancient philosophers, and you’ll quickly perceive with what facility he found means to make up his chapters. Of his knowledge of the dead languages, we have ample satisfaction in an attempt he once made to translate a sentence from VELLEIUS PATERCULUS. A boy in the first class, at Winchester, would have taught him how to have construed it better.

* *Vaut-rien* was sent into the world an orphan: but soon, as SMOLLET says,

———“ The town (to give the dev’l his due)

“ Ascrib’d the whole performance to a Jew.”

And Mr. D.I. more from parental affection, *than wisdom*, acknowledged himself to be the author.

In this work we meet with the most impotent attempts at wit. The play, for instance, on Huntington, a methodist preacher’s name. What stuff, from a man who wears such a face as Mr. D.I.!

" This *cento*, vain, he leaves an off'ring here,
 " And, if receiv'd, will pester ev'ry year.
 " Be cautious then, for fools the longest last,
 " As none can write so much, or write so fast.
 " Witness yon *Jack of all trades*, *PRATT yclept,
 " Who oft has ranted where he just has swept.

We should be as little surpris'd to see a lady buying razors, or our hair-dresser in a full suit of mourning, as we were to find Mr. D'I. vindicating the Jews against the opinion of their foulness. "It was long supposed," says he, "and I am told is yet, (one would think Mr. D'I. might have nasal proof every hour) that the Jew is distinguished by a peculiar and offensive smell. To stink like a Jew, is an adage which FURETIERE has preserved in his dictionary (always at dictionaries!); but this smell, it seems, disappeared when a Jew was converted to Christianity."

A smell disappear!! Well, we'll seek, if not a more lively, at least a sweeter subject.

* Mr. PRATT, author of the *Gleanings*, &c. His name was originally COURTNEY MELMOTH. He lived many years with Mrs. MELMOTH, whose talents as an actress were of such respectability as to procure a comfortable subsistence for herself and friend. But their extravagance rendered it necessary for the lady to quit a regular company, and they travelled together in various characters through England and Wales. Sometimes she told fortunes, and MELMOTH took the money; at others they had public lectures; and at Swansea they performed a tragedy, and actually got twenty pounds, without any other actor, stage-sweeper, scene-shifter, or candle-snuffer but themselves; PRATT being at all of these, except the first, an amazing adept.

The lines, written by Mr. P. for GARRICK's monument, as indifferent in design as execution, should not have appeared on the stone. Many copies of

“ Volumes on volumes, dull as dull can be,
 “ He pours along, as Thames’s gutters free.
 “ Perfidious PRATT, so hail’d throughout the town,
 “ For making all their *Family Secrets* known ;
 “ Yet *these* he publish’d in a way so clever,
 “ That still they’re *secrets* as profound as ever.*
 “ Of this same class how many meet my sight,
 “ That will be authors, though they cannot write.
 “ Seven volumes this, that nine, good heav’n speed ’em,
 “ And, prais’d be heav’n, we’re not oblig’d to read ’em.†
 “ INCHBALD her rivals all at distance views---
 “ With ghosts and goblins RADCLIFF next pursues---

verses were thrown into SPENSER’S grave, when he was buried, and surely the present was fit for nothing else. They *almost* disgrace the monument.

* From the *ungettthroughableness* of these volumes, there is little doubt but that they will still remain *profound secrets* to all the world.

† Two female authors (prolific souls !) have lately published novels in seven and nine volumes. Of the seven, by Mrs. BENNETT, the moral mother of Mrs. ESTEN, advertised at one pound eleven shillings and sixpence ! we are told the following anecdote. A French emigrant, seeing the advertisement, mistook the price for a premium offered by the author to any one who would undertake to read her work through ; and, after forming his resolution, he actually went to the publisher and proposed to undertake *the job*.

“ RADCLIFF, the incoherent and the wild,
 “ Whom BOADEN, *gay deceiver*, first beguil’d:
 “ Her works he ravish’d, gain’d his wicked ends,
 “ And left her almost ruin’d with her friends.*
 “ But soon she felt, while in the pit safe cramm’d,
 “ Revenge complete! the base despoiler †damn’d.

* Mrs. RADCLIFF has been very much injured by Mr. BOADEN, who, by dramatizing her novels, brought her into great disgrace with her relations:—for, being methodists, they were grievously enraged to find she had written any thing that could possibly be turned to the devil’s purpose. Mr. HARRIS (Mrs. R. says) has often applied to her to write for the stage; and she has as often refused. The fear of being forgotten by her friends, when they are making their wills, is not very far from the cause.

† We suppose our author here alludes to the Secret Tribunal, by Mr. B. which might be said to be damned the first night, as it was only borne two or three times afterwards, by an empty house. Mr. B. has since produced, what he calls *his*, but what is, in reality, Mrs. R’s, *Italian Monk*; a *light, airy, mirth-inspiring*, summer drama, taken, word for word, and scene for scene, from Mrs. R’s *Italian*, a novel of much fancy, and absurdity. This play he presented to Mr. COLMAN, who, though Mr. B. had, for several years, vomited the most gross and foul abuse against him, accepted it, with a magnanimity worthy of a man of genius; for he knew, at the moment, that his asperfer had no longer the command of that print from which he formerly winged his pointless shafts.

Mr. B. overcome by this generous treatment, has changed his tone, and we did hope to have seen the same in the friends of this gentleman, and that the undistinguishing scurrility in the *Monthly Mirror*, on Mr. COLMAN and his writings, would have been supplanted by a style of criticism, if not judicious, at least gentlemanly and moderate. But our hope was fruitless, and we must content our-

“ *ROSE, now behold, puts in his plea for praise,
 “ Of scholars master he (as LINGO says.)

selfes with the firm conviction that, though the world is credulous, it will not believe the madman who shall tell them it is dark when the sun shines in its meridian splendour; and that, from repeated specimens of such criticism, they must have been taught to conclude with Johnson, that any one “ whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support *his vanity by the name of a critic*: a character which needs neither the power of invention, nor the labour of learning, to maintain.”

At the representation of this piece, a friend informed us that the Monk was meant, according to the novel, to be the most serious character in the play; and, that Paulo, which we thought the most serious, was intended to excite laughter. But we could not allow this, for, to use an old joke, Paulo is a character *by no means to be laughed at*.

If the curtain drops on a play the first night with applause, the author is almost sure of his three nights. And this is easily effected by those conversant in theatrical imposition. Mr. B. has practised it with success. It is to send a number of people into the pit and galleries, who are to applaud with rapture, but not till they receive the signal from a certain quarter, wherein is posted “ the angel of salvation,” who gives them the cue.

“ The rabble knows not where our dramas shine;

“ But where the cane goes pat—By G-d that’s fine.”

ARMSTRONG.

This being accomplished, his friends, the newspaper men, join in the deceit, announce the play as well received, and before the whole town are undeceived, the author has touched his three nights.

* Mr. ROSE, one of the Under Masters of Merchant Taylors, would have succeeded the late Mr. BISHOP, Head Master of that school, but from a total ignorance of Hebrew, and a very superficial knowledge of Latin and Greek.

In what is here said of Rose the author was indicted and a verdict of 10 guineas given against him.

" His *Fairy Festival, a work divine,
 " A *ne plus ultra*, in the writing line,
 " He brings a tribute, and, O! fear to blame,
 " What from the pen of LINGO's offspring came!
 " Whose lyric muse exults in matchless fire,
 " Except when †*blooming* WALLACE sweeps her lyre;
 " Her rapt'rous notes the Parson's far transcend,
 " And ‡JERNI ev'n to her is forc'd to bend.
 " Poor JERNI, would that thou, §good natur'd wight,

• When we call the attention of the reader to the Fairy Festival, written by Mr. ROSE, and believed, by him *and his wife*, to be a *chef d'œuvre*, we imagine we need not adduce any further evidence to prove that this "master of scholars," more than any of his pupils, deserves the wholesome discipline of the birch.

No man, it is said, writes more, for *the benefit of the* PASTRY COOK, than Deputy BIRCH, but, leaving out the double entendre, Mr. R. is as great a benefactor.

† Her ladyship, last season, sent HARRIS, for one of his darling pantomimes, a loyal song, which he appointed to be sung by BOWDEN, HAYMES, and TOWNSEND; but it was so infamously bad, that, rather than expose themselves before the public, they refused to sing it; for which HARRIS, without a blush, fined each of them five pounds.

‡ This liberty with Mr. JERNINGHAM's name has been taken, it appears to us, in imitation of a whim of Dr. JOHNSON's, which was to abbreviate the names of all his friends; or perhaps the verse was *nominis asperitate deterritus*.

§ When our author treats Mr. J. with contempt, it can only be as a writer, and not as a man, for we believe him to be a very honest, inoffensive creature.

“ Could’st learn the knack to sell, or learn to write.

“ Thy works might then no longer fixtures prove,

“ But PINDAR’S* like, from shops to stalls remove!

Mais quand on parle d’œuvres d’esprit, il ne s’agit point d’honnêtes gens, mais de gens de bon sens.

* Our birds of song, are of late distinguished in their title pages, like *jail-birds* in an indictment, *alias, alias*. PINDAR, ΒΟΥΤΙΔΗΣ, the Theban pig, with his own hand, gibbets himself by an alias JOHN WALCOTT to his works.

The stall before Burlington House abounds in this man’s productions at sixpence a piece. It is grievous to relate, but at this place, also, all the most valuable books in the late Right Hon. WM. GER. HAMILTON’S library, embezzled by one of his men servants, were sold for almost nothing. The fellow has since, to avoid giving trouble, transported himself to America.

That PETER lacks ideas may be seen by his transferring into his Jeremi-ad, a thought from the preface to his satire, published some years ago, called the Cap.

The Jeremi-ad.

“ What fine large shot was mine for high-crown’d heads,

“ The glorious pheasants! noble cocks and hens!

“ But now of smaller size I cast my leads,

“ Fore’d (what a paltry mark!) to fire at wrens.”

The remainder is in the same strain.

The Cap.

“ PETER, therefore, who hath made mighty powers tremble, now (talking of play-writers, &c.) descendeth to correct this lowly herd.” And before, in the same,

—————“ The world is grown so bad,

“ That wrens make prey, where eagles dare not perch.”

“ An *ERSKINE sinks, compar'd to thee, O! ROSE,
 “ And acts a foil beside thy classic prose.
 “ The †Times! there, there, thy brilliant periods dwell,
 “ There SAPPHO pines to see thee puff so well.”

The Doctor may however deny the fact, and escape, like Mr. Gifford, who will perhaps say that he borrowed of Persius's Cornutus, and not of Pope's Jervas.

* The poet is ironical. And to have recourse to a humourous distinction, if the *aigle du barreau*, as Mad. HILLIGSBERG called Mr. ERSKINE, in a certain affair, has convinced us in his pamphlet that he cannot write English, Mr. ROSE has often given us occasion to see that he cannot write at all. Had any one but Mr. E. composed a work, like his maiden pamphlet, instead of its running through sixteen editions, or even new title pages, he would have lost twenty pounds by the sale.

We shall conclude this note with an excellent pun of the great pleader's. Lord KENYON said one day to him in court, when his Welch blood had been inflamed rather more than usual, by the latter gentleman, “ I'll commit you, Mr ERSKINE. If you persist, I will commit you.”—“ You may, my Lord, if you please,” replied Mr. E. “ but while I remain here you shall not *commit* yourself, if I can prevent it.”

† Mr. ROSE exercised his *masterly* hand in the Times, as an *extraordinary* writer. Mrs. ROBINSON, who is the prime puffer of the town, was alarmed lest she should suffer an eclipse, seeing that he puffed his own pieces with as little decency and respect for the public as herself.

The following anecdote of the puffing SAPPHO should not be suppressed. It is a custom with Mrs. R. whenever she prints, to send a copy or two of her work to most of the newspapers, by which means she hopes to avoid their ridicule, and indeed to puff and be puffed as much as she pleases. Shortly after the appearance of her last production, she addressed a few lines to Mr. BOADEN, which ran thus:

While thus proceeding, FAME in prospect view'd

A substance by two envious shades pursued---

" Sad mockeries---vile imitative sketches---

" Mere duplicates of worth---the wealth of wretches :

" Their value all that duns from *SHERRY get,

" Mrs. ROBINSON would thank her friend BOWDEN for some dozen puffs for SAPPHO and PHAON."

St. James's Place.

This note being sent by the penny-post, was, by mistake, delivered at Mr. BOWDEN's, the pastry-cook, in the Strand, instead of the Oracle office. To which Mrs. R. received the subsequent reply. " Mr. BOWDEN's respectful compliments to Mrs. ROBINSON, shall be very happy to serve her, but as Mrs. R. is not a constant customer, he cannot send her *young folks* the puffs without first receiving the money."

* Recently Mr. S. gave a dinner, at the Piazza Coffee-house, and, on leaving the room, desired that the bill might be sent to him next morning, which injunction was punctually obeyed, by one of the waiters, who, after remaining some time below, was ordered to walk up. Mr. S. then asked him if he was fond of the play, and if he had not a friend or two he should like to take with him?—The fellow answering in the affirmative, with many obsequious bows, Mr. S. instantly presented him with half a dozen orders for Drury Lane, assuring him, at the same time, that he had no money just then, and begged he would look in some other day; which request the waiter, in gratitude, was unable to refuse: he quitted the house, and RICHARD was himself again!

Apropos of dinners. Mr. S. being at one time unable to send his son, who was at Trinity College, Cambridge, any money, the boy, a chip of the old block, wanting to give a dinner, sold his books for the purpose, and writing afterwards, to his father, in reply to that letter which brought him the above sad intelligence,

“ Yet *CROFT's not more by VANITY beset ;
 “ Nor †STEPHENS more, nor ‡BANNISTER, than they,
 “ With envy swells, when others gain the bay.

made this quotation from the *Facetiae* of HIEROCLES. Συγχαίρε ἡμῖν, Πάτερ· ἡδὴ γὰρ
 ἡμᾶς τὰ βιβλία τρέφει. Rejoice with me, father, for books are now my nourishment.

* The following anecdote we take from a book which once belonged to Mr. HERBERT CROFT. It stood thus, in his own hand writing, prefixed to Dr. JOHNSON'S *Lives of the Poets*, sold for Mr. C. at Mr. KING'S Auction Rooms, where we transcribed it : “ Just before the appearance of the latter half of the *Lives*, a gentleman said to him, ‘ So, Doctor, a young man at the Bar writes *Young's* life for you, I find.’—‘ Yes, Sir,’ said Johnson, ‘ yes, Sir, ’tis true; and I thought he would have done it very well; but the rogue has deceived me sadly, Sir: he did it a deal better than I thought he was capable of doing it.’ Fame may be able to relate sayings of other great men, which contain more wit, or more malice; but but where shall we find one which contains more good nature.”

What, now, will the reader say, when we inform him, that this *young man at the Bar* was no other than Mr. HERBERT CROFT? Why, he will surely say that Mr. C. could not have found a saying to relate which contains more impertinent vanity.

† Δυσζήλοι γὰρ τείμεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πολὺν ἀνδρωπών,

says HOMER, in *Od.* But let us hope that we are not all so bad as GEORGE STEPHENS, the commentator, who, when envious of either friend or foe, and the *Spiritus Zelotypiae* rages, composes an eulogium on them in an evening paper, one day, expressly for the purpose of attacking it the next.

‡ Mr. BANNISTER, jun. conscious that he possesses very little *sterling merit*, is jealous of any rising talent, which might occasion the public to draw a comparison. To be subject to much envy increases the bile, (but whether hepatic or cystic we cannot say) and a suffusion of the bile produces the jaundice. Mr. BANNISTER

“ As stars were dark, but for the solar light,
 “ So *MORTON thou hadst liv'd in endless night,

continually appears, from his countenance, to be on the eve of an attack; and Mr. MUNDEN, a season or two ago, was actually afflicted with the jaundice for a considerable time, occasioned by the success of a popular comedian at the Covent Garden theatre.

Mr. B. perhaps, envious of the success of his fellow labourers, when a student in the Royal Academy, used to recount such indecent stories to the man who stood *in puris naturalibus*, for their advantage, that the poor fellow was constantly obliged to come from the pedestal, and Mr. B. was, in the end, prohibited studying there for his pains.

As we are now talking of players, we cannot do better than relate a neat equivocation of a comedian, between whose histrionic merit, and that of the one just noticed, there is the same difference as between pure gold, and the dross it despumates.

A gentleman calling on Mr. KING, when he was confined with a violent fit of the *rheumatism*, asked him, among other things, if he could oblige him with a bone for the theatre. Mr. K. not being able, or not wishing to accommodate him, replied, “ My dear friend, I would with pleasure, and should be happy to accompany you, but really MY BONES *won't go*.”

* Mr. COLMAN, in one of his tales, has very pointedly, and evidently, drawn the character of this gentleman.

“ On modern dramatists they fell,
 “ Pounce *vi et armis*—tooth and nail—pell mell;
 “ They call'd them carpenters, and smugglers,
 “ *Filching their incidents from ancient boards,*
 “ And knocking them together, like deal boards,
 “ And jugglers;
 “ Who all the Town's attention fix,
 “ By making—plays? No, Sir,—by making tricks.”

The treatment Mr. REYNOLDS has received from Mr. MORTON bears some resemblance to that received by HOMER, from THESTORIDES. The latter of these lived, for some time, on the most friendly terms. We then learn, from a life of HOMER, said, but without grounds, to be written by HERODOTUS.—Ἐπει δὲ τὴν τε Φωκαίδα καὶ τ' ἄλλα πάντα παρὰ τῷ Ομηρῷ ὁ Θεστιάδης ἐγραψάτο, διανοηθεὶς ἐκ τῆς Φωκαΐδος ἀπαλλασσεῖσθαι, τὴν ποιησὶν δελὼν τῷ Ομηρῷ ἐξιδιώσασθαι.—that after he had copied many of HOMER's works, (which he had obtained by living with him) he determined to quit Phocæa, wishing to pass them off for his own. Ο μὲν δὲ Θεστιάδης ἐκ τῆς Φωκαΐδος ἀπηλλαγμένος τὴν Χίον, καὶ τὴν διδασκαλίαν κατεσκευάσας, καὶ τὰς ἐπεὶ ἐπιδεικνύμενος ὡς ἐούσης ἐόντα, ἐπαινοῦν τε πολλοὺς εἶχε καὶ ὠφελεῖτο. And going to Chios, he promulgated them as his own, and acquired much praise and some profit. Such is nearly the history of these two gentlemen. They were in the habits of the greatest intimacy, when Mr. M. learned of Mr. R. how he managed to construct his plays, and what books he read to assist him: after which he stole all his characters, and sold them for his own.

As Mr. KNIGHT is Mr. LEWIS's mimic, so is Mr. MORTON the mimic of Mr. REYNOLDS. Mr. R. is now dead to Covent Garden, but his shade (not spirit) still lingers there in Mr. MORTON. So will it soon be with the former.

The friends of Mr. M. have been lavish in their praise of the purse scene in the Cure for the Heart Ache. It is, however, protracted till it becomes highly absurd; and that it possesses novelty we most confidently deny. We have many instances of similar feelings displayed on the stage, in a like circumstance, unattended by the ridiculous mode in which Mr. M's is brought about. The trick of discovering a hole, and attempting to mend it, which is seen in the same piece, we find in the Author's Triumph, or the Manager Manag'd, a farce, printed by J. CLARKE, 14th April 1737, and acted at the theatre-royal, Lincoln's Inn Fields. We merely transcribe a speech.

TATTER. (*Peeping about*) Ha! a hole? Ay, faith! there is a little one. (*Pulls out a needle and thread, and offers to mend it, &c.*)

When the two tailors, father and son, are standing together, the old man asks the waiter if there are any tailors in the place, and receives for answer, "there are two just by, which makes them look significantly at each other. What is this but our old friend JOE's two tailors, who, without understanding French, took a

trip to Calais, where, one asking for something, the waiter replied, *tout à l'heure*, which they instantly mistook for the French pronunciation of *two tailors*, and looked at each other most likely as just described, since one exclaimed, "*dam'me Jack but he knows us?*" Had we leisure, many things of this kind, as well as whimsical phrases, taken from several authors; such as FRANK O'S "courage working into his knuckles," for which see COLMAN'S Mountaineers, might be adduced, to prove Mr. M's barrenness; so that he may safely say of an audience—

If they approve, I perhaps may get the fame;
If they condemn, I'm *surely* not to blame.

The insignificance of the *Children in the Wood*, a farce, which has nothing but the pantomimic merit of the performers to recommend it, has perhaps precluded criticism, and left its author in the quiet possession of an opinion that the applause bestowed on the actors was a tribute justly paid to himself. The ballad, it is generally known, was taken from a piece, called *Two lamentable Tragedies in one*, by R. YARRINGTON, quarto, 1601. Of which we have no doubt that Mr. MORTON has a very excellent copy. The language of it is extremely obsolete, but that could prove no impediment to Mr. M. who reads, we understand, any of our old authors without a glossary. This circumstance we consider as something not very much in favour of Mr. M. Next, the absurd manner in which the action is conducted, and the weakness of the innovations made in the story; as, for instance, the unaccountable meeting of Lord ALFORD and Lady HELEN, with the children sleeping in the wood; then the *fine pathetic scene*, which terminates by DIGNUM'S lugging away one *babe* in his arms, and Mrs. POWELL the other; incidents which produce effects unequalled, it must be confessed, in any attempt at the ridiculous. And, lastly, the bare-faced imitation of a scene in HOARE'S *No Song no Supper*. STORACE, in the latter, sings of lamb, and it appears; of a cake, and it appears. In the former, Mrs. BLAND sings of a noise at the window, and 'tis heard; of the door being broke open, and it is broke open. This is gross.

It has been observed by some of that numerous body of *sei-distant* critics and remarkers, whom Dr. JOHNSON distinguishes as "the disturbers of human quiet," that Mr. Colman, in the *Heir at Law*, has stooped to borrow from——Guess!——from Mr. MORTON!! This accusation we firmly contradict, as false and groundless. And on the fact we are about to state, though not received from Mr. C. himself, yet

“ And *HOLMAN too, than thou less shameless far,

“ Had REYNOLDS’ wit not made ye what ye are.

from one in whom, having the most implicit faith, we wish to rest all our claims to truth. It is, that Mr. C. had conceived his characters, and written his plot, as well as a considerable part of the *Heir at Law*, long before Mr. M’s *Cure for the Heart Ache* became public. This declaration being made, thus solemnly, we thereon establish Mr. C’s inculpability. But it is now fair to imagine that Mr. M. had obtained some slight intelligence of Mr. C’s characters of CICELY and EZEKIEL, and seized on them for the *Cure for the Heart Ache*. This is the more probable, as the familiarity is merely general, and not so palpable as Mr. M’s taylor and son to REYNOLD’S GINGHAM and his father, where the only difference is that in the one the old man can’t sink the tradesman, and in the other the young one.

* Mr. HOLMAN, disliking to be only “ a poor player, who struts his hour, &c.” produced, *it is said*, an opera, called *Abroad and at Home*, thinking thereby to perpetuate his memory beyond *the hour*. Its vulgarity, however, induces us to think it is either not his production, or that he is not the same man *abroad* and at *home*.

But, Supposing Mr. H. to be the author of this opera, we then look to Mr. REYNOLDS, to whom he certainly owes, not only the idea of attempting a dramatic piece, but also the knowledge he has of such compositions. And though he has not been so great a depredator as Mr. M. yet has he not been idle in “ the pilfering way.” He, in *Abroad and at Home*, as well as Mr. M. in the *Way to get Married*, has not neglected to copy boldly Mr. R’s prison scene in *Speculation*. In a word, when we look on Messrs. Holman and Morton as play-writers, we consider them as the graceless offspring of Mr. R. who, as it is said of the young of a certain bird, prey on that which brought them first to light.

Mr. H. who merely travelled, once in his life, to Oxford, entered himself of Merton’s College, kept half a term, spent a few guineas, and returned “ to smell the lamp,” was, by the assiduous whispering of his friends, reputed to have been educated at the University of Oxford. We see a consequence. Mr. M. convinced that he, though entered of the Temple, to avoid being included in *Charta*.

“ *To him, as to a fountain, still ye turn,
 “ And each, by stealth, fills full his empty urn.
 “ †Source of their works! when we thy loss deplore,
 “ HOLMAN shall fade, and MORTON be no more.”

XXII. Henry VI. had no right to style himself Esquire, first published by *simple* THOMAS MORTON, and has only lately repented of his wisdom. Mr. H. now, to *his* opera, calls himself plain GEORGE HOLMAN, but he will hereafter, we have no doubt, in imitation of his friend, *the squire*, blaze forth on his title page, GEORGE HOLMAN, of Merton College, Oxford.

Doubting not but that Mr. H's delectable friends, Messrs. BOADEN, alias *Squire Check* and *Squire Morton*, would also wish to be known as belonging to some college, we shall propose a mode by which they may bring it about. In the canon law, it is said, *three persons make a college, tres collegium faciunt*. Thus, therefore, may they form a college, and if they can persuade HARRIS to lend them the money, may erect one, which they may call after some one of those in the Roman Empire, as *collegium fabrorum tignariorum*, the *college of carpenters*, &c. wherein each might be a professor, in his own way. Mr. M. a PROFESSOR of *plagiarism*; Mr. H. a PROFESSOR of *affectation and conceit*; and Mr. B. a PROFESSOR of *vanity and insignificance*. Nor do we see any obstacle that can impede their success, unless JACK TAYLOR, M. P. ANDREWS, and Captain TOPHAM, should take it into their heads to oppose them.

* ————— “ Great palace of light,
 “ Hither, as to their fountain, other stars,
 “ Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.” MILTON.

† Enough has been already said of Mr. REYNOLDS's distinguished and original merit as a writer: of his character as a man, in society, all who know him will bear ample testimony of its affability, frankness, and honesty; and nothing remains with us to state but the base and ungrateful usage Mr. R. has received from Mr. HARRIS, of Covent Garden. In this, however, he is not singular. Previous to

So said the goddess, as they nearer drew---
 When o'er the Grove a sudden darkness grew.

the time Mr. R's first comedy appeared at that house, it was thinly attended beyond comparison. The town was soon attracted by Mr. R's ingenious efforts, the finances of the treasury considerably enriched, and Mr. R. a *Magnus Apollo*, was the object of the manager's adoration. He continued to give them his pieces: the consequence of which was, that Mr. H. rose to a degree of affluence, equal to his former want. But where is this man's gratitude to one who rendered him such essential services? It is only to be found in the shape of neglect and ill-treatment! He last year brought out Mr. R's comedy called *Fortune's Fool*, at a season in which few people visit the theatres; and when the town became more thronged, his play was, we believe designedly, injured; first by being seldom played, without any apparent reason for its suppression; and, next, by the appearance of Mr. MORTON'S—injured by the latter, because the people will always go, in preference, to see the *last* new piece. Mr. R. naturally disgusted at Mr. HARRIS'S giving to a play (copied in general from his own) the advantage of the season, and the assistance a manager is capable of affording; added to very uncivil personal behaviour, with just indignation and resentment, left that theatre for Drury-Lane, where he was received with open arms, and has experienced, instead of the most low and disgusting, the most gentlemanly and inviting treatment.

Mr. HARRIS'S character is well delineated in the *Author's Triumph*, where a distressed author, presenting him with a play, he exclaims,

MAN.—“ A play! Damme! I wouldn't give a farthing for the best play in England. Here, Sir, here. [*Gives the book.*] If you could bark, friend, or dance the ladder-dance, I might talk with you.”

The author, receiving this reply, has recourse to MECÆNAS, who, approving of his piece, summons the manager and players to appear before him. Here the manager says, “ My Lord, authors are a pack of scoundrels.” Upon which MECÆNAS makes the following remarks, which we would recommend Mr. H. to commit to memory.

Up rose the priest, with awe submissive bent,

Obedient to the sign of his intent :

(*Who from his golden tripod, Fate's design
Delivers forth in oracles divine)

And yet, while lives a momentary pause,

The shrine abandons, and in haste withdraws.

Then, VANITY, throughout thy faithful clan,
What strange alarms and wild distraction ran !
But first, my Muse, relate what chance befel,
The bards whose virtues Fame was proud to tell---
Say how by wood-nymphs guided on their way,
They safe through secret paths and windings stray,

MEC.—“ How now, impertinent ! Learn decency, do ; and know that now you are before your betters. The *insolence* which you *little chiefs contract*, by commanding an *army of renegades*, makes you *forget yourselves*, and treat gentlemen as if they were players. But, let me tell you, *you are not upon the par with an author*. He is *properly your master* ; furnishes you with tools, and sets you to work. What is a player, pray, without his task ? you're but the factors of the poet's wit : 'Tis he, ye ingrates, gets you *fame and finery*, and makes a prince of a poor pimping pedlar ! Isn't it so ? Ha ?

MANAGER, (or HARRIS)—“ Indeed, my Lord, there's a great deal of truth in't.

* Ος δισπωδει τριποδος ἐκ χειρὸς λατῆ.

CARION IN PLUT. ARISTOPH. ACT I. SC. I.

The bound'ry reach, and quit the sacred ground,
With fairest laurels by the Dryads crown'd.

Mean time the Satyrs studiously prepare
Their whips and spears in order for the war---
PAN gives the word---rejoic'd they rush along,
And drive pell-mell the vain and fear-struck throng.
All ways they run, through each avenue dart,
And howl and hollow as they feel the smart.
Hats, wigs, and spectacles they leave behind,
Nor breathe, till all some friendly outlet find.

The GROVE reliev'd! the thunder loud appals,
And on the loaded shrine the light'ning falls.
Swift Fame her fav'rite works to rescue flies,
And to Parnassus bears the honour'd prize.
Soon wasting flames the rest to dust reduce---
*True emblem of their former weight and use!

* A writer of Lord CHESTERFIELD's life, concludes with saying, " These were his excellencies—let those who surpass him speak of his defects." Which passage, with a slight alteration, shall terminate our animadversions on the VOTARIES OF VANITY. Peace be with them! *These were their FOLLIES—let those who surpass them speak of their WISDOM.*

Now sweetest sweet from flow'rs immortal springs,
And birds shake perfumes from their od'rous wings.
The God appeas'd, resumes his wonted grace
*And light refulgent purifies the place.

* APOLLO, the SUN, PHOEBUS, and HYPERION, were certainly distinct characters, and our author, for confounding them occasionally, has no other excuse but that he has followed the practice of other *great* poets.

FINIS.

